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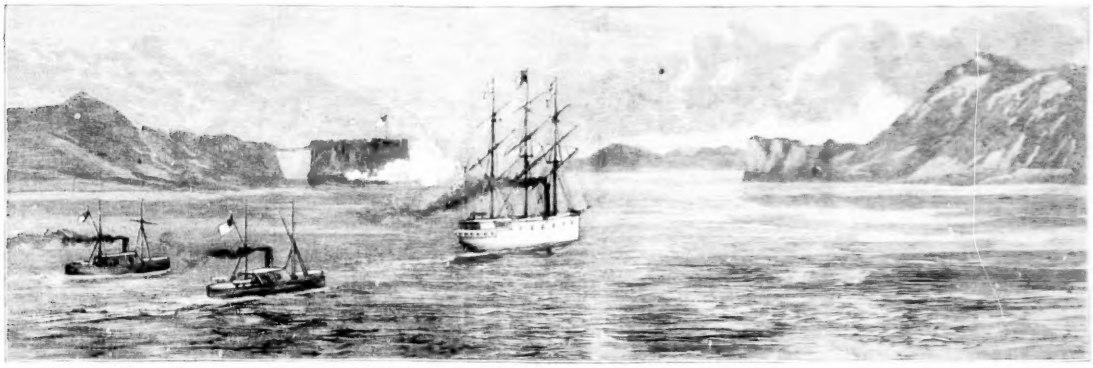
The Tour of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne

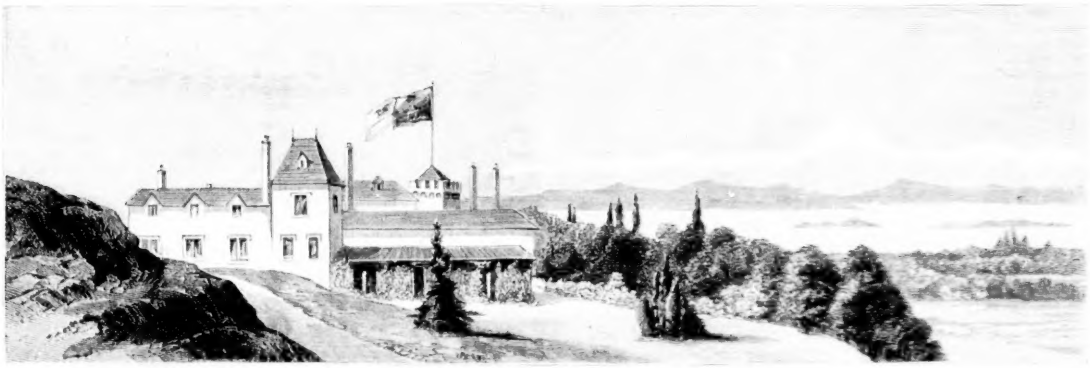
FROM SKETCHES BY

HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T., GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

SAN FRANCISCO BAY, FROM THE GOLDEN GATE



THE GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO—H.M.S. "COMUS" LEAVING THE HARBOUR ACCOMPANIED BY GENERAL M[illegible]



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

MOUNT BAKER AND SAN JUAN ISLAND AS SEEN THROUGH A FIELD GLASS FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE, VICTORIA

With the Marquis of Lorne in British Columbia

THE great Province of British Columbia, which covers an area twice as large as the United Kingdom, and of which the district traversed by His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, and illustrated in the accompanying sketches, may be taken as a type, is the most westerly of the group of colonies now combined, as separate provinces, under the general name of the Dominion of Canada. If not geographically, at any rate from the point of view of the physical difficulties to be overcome on the journey thither, British Columbia may be said to be the most distant of all the British colonies. A sea voyage from London to Victoria or New Westminster involves the practical circumnavigation of the two continents of North and South America; the shortest and most direct route involves a voyage of 2,500 miles across the Atlantic, and a journey of equal extent across a partially uninhabited continent, with a vast range of mountains and numberless streams and lakes to cross, as a slight detail thrown in. Even the construction of the Pacific Railway across the United States has only partially mended matters, for, when San Francisco is reached, another sea voyage of 700 or 800 miles has to be made before the traveller sets foot on British territory again.

But the removal of all these obstacles is "within measurable distance" of accomplishment. British Columbia will, before another four years have passed by, be within a fortnight's easy journey of London—thanks to that great work, the Canadian Pacific Railway, which is being pushed on so energetically.

Before we discuss the probable results of this railway, let us consider what manner of country this is that it should be thought worth the expenditure of so much labour and money as the construction of the railway must involve. If one of a past generation, to whom British Columbia was unknown, save as a geographical expression embracing a region of barren rocks and perpetual snows and ice, were to arise and hear that the railway surveyors and engineers had been scouring the country with a view to find the best route for the iron road, he might ask in amazement, "But what went ye out for to see?" And with greater amazement still he would receive the reply, "A land of wood and water—hills clothed with magnificent forest trees, and valleys with verdure clad, only awaiting the hoe of the husbandman to yield most bountiful harvests, or the watchful eye of the sheep-farmer and cattle-grazier to supply the markets of the world with meat and wool; a land with a mild and salubrious climate, where the grape and the apple grow side by side; a land where gold and silver and coal and copper exist in abundance; a land whose rivers and seas teem with fish; a land whose picturesque beauty is not to be excelled in any part of the world."

NATURAL DIVISIONS

BRITISH COLUMBIA divides itself naturally into three great divisions:—(1) The southern and milder portion of the mainland, watered by the Great Fraser River, and its numberless tributaries (the whole of the watershed of that stream being within the boundaries of the province), by the upper waters of the Columbia River, which flows into the United States to the east, and ultimately into the southern part of the same great estuary into which the Fraser empties itself, and by the Homathco River to the west. This portion of the country is sub-divided by the Cascade Mountains, which run parallel to the coast at a distance of about 100 miles, into the "coast" or West Cascade, and the "interior" or East Cascade districts; (2) The Northern or sub-Arctic portion, bordering the southern part of Alaska, and including the upper valley of the Mackenzie River; and (3) the Charlotte Islands, lying off the North-West Coast, and Vancouver Island, lying close to and south-west of the mainland.

VANCOUVER ISLAND

To take the last-named first, Vancouver Island would be a grand colony by itself. It measures in extreme length 280 miles, and in extreme width 70 miles, and contains about 16,000 square miles, but its coast line is so broken into innumerable bays and harbours, and so littered with small islands, as to measure close upon 2,000 miles. The main mass of the island is a mountain ridge, culminating in Victoria Peak near the centre, which rises to a height of 7,484 feet. The mountain ranges are heavily timbered, many of the trees exceeding 300 feet in height. The monarch of them all is the Douglas fir, which attains its maximum growth in the neighbourhood of Victoria. There are also the white cedar, a species of oak peculiar to the island, pines, hemlock, arbutus, spruce, maple, and other varieties. All round the coast are rich deposits of coal, of which 270,000 tons were raised in 1880, the principal mine worked so far being that at Nanaimo. Opposite this place is the little island aptly named "Newcastle Island," which is practically one solid coal-mine, with the exception of a quarry of splendid freestone, resembling granite in appearance, which supplied the material of which the Mint at San Francisco was built. The coal is worked within ten feet of navigable water. Large deposits of iron ore also abound in various parts of the island, while Texada, a large island opposite Jervis Islet, is almost one solid mass of iron.

Scattered amid the profusion of forest growth are rich stretches of agricultural and pasture land; the soil consists of alluvium, closely resembling the patches of rich earth found among the Laurentian rocks of Ontario. The agricultural area, however, is limited in extent, though it is yet by no means fully developed.

THE TOWNS IN VANCOUVER

VICTORIA, the capital of the Island and of the Province, situated at its south-eastern extremity, has already been partially described. The harbour of Victoria itself is small, and unsuited for vessels of the giant size now in vogue; but close by, at Esquimault (pronounced *Squimo*) most splendid anchorage 36 feet deep, with all the requisites of a first-class harbour, is obtainable, while in the "Royal Roads," outside the inner harbour, all along the coast as far as Race Rocks, a distance of eight and a-half miles, there is room for any number of ships to ride in safety at all seasons. A strip of land less than a quarter of a mile wide is all that divides this harbour from Victoria. Esquimault is the headquarters and refitting station of the British North Pacific Fleet. It has lately been furnished with a fine graving dock, and, when the Canadian Pacific Railway is completed, will take that position as a first-class harbour and port of refuge for which its natural advantages fit it.

Perhaps when that time comes the British Government may see the advantage of making Esquimault hold the same position on the Pacific as Halifax, N.S., does on the Atlantic, and may adequately fortify a place possessing such great strategical and commercial advantages.

Nanaimo is sixty-five miles from Victoria, in a north-westerly direction. It has already been referred to as the centre of the coal-mining district. Notwithstanding the enormous quantities of coal annually "won" at this great Newcastle of the West, to which San Francisco has recourse for all her supplies, and which furnishes all the steamers which ply along this portion of the coast, Nanaimo does not look like a coal-mining place. The houses are much above the average of miners' residences in England,—scattered about in picturesque situations, with gardens and other signs of comfort and taste. The Rev. George M. Grant, Secretary to the first Survey sent out under Mr. Sandford-Fleming to prospect the route for the railway, says that "the view from the town of the Cascades range on the other side of the Straits is almost equal to the view of the long semi-circular line of the Alps from Milan. At sunset, when warmed with the roseate light, or, a little later, when a deep soft blue has displaced the *couleur de rose*, the beauty is almost inconsistent with the ash heaps and tenements of a mining village." Other small mining settlements, such as Comox and Nanoose, have been made, more particularly on the inner coast of the island; and, when the railway is completed, they will no doubt rapidly develope into thriving towns. Comox is an agricultural settlement, and has sprung up to meet the wants of the mining and labouring population in the matter of food supplies. But instead of one or two, there is room for twenty or thirty such settlements. It would be a real disaster if the agricultural capabilities of the island were neglected because of the superabundance of its mineral wealth.

NEW WESTMINSTER

ON the mainland opposite and to the east of Nanaimo, is the mouth of the Fraser River, where is situated New Westminster, the chief town of British Columbia proper. There has been a perpetual rivalry between this city and Victoria ever since its foundation in 1859. When Colonel Moody selected the site for the future city he christened it "Queensborough." This name the citizens in later days were apt to magnify into "Queen Borough," implying that the place was the supreme city of the Province, and, when the spot came to be chosen as the probable terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the opposition on the part of the good people of Victoria to the name increased tenfold. As a last resource the question was referred to the Home authorities, and the Queen herself proclaimed the town "New Westminster." Seizing upon this fact with the alacrity of all Canadians the citizens of the New Westminster, dubbed their city the "Royal City."

The site upon which the city rises is well-chosen. The River Fraser, just before entering the Gulf of Georgia, is divided into two channels by a triangular island, some fifteen miles in length. A mile and a half above this island, where the stream begins to widen out before it divides, and on its northern bank, stands New Westminster. The streets, which are wide, are laid out at right angles, and ample "breathing room" is further supplied by the series of parks and squares with which the city is furnished. The land slopes somewhat suddenly upwards from the river to the back part of the town, which stands at an elevation of some 300 feet, and a grand panorama opens out as one advances from the river up any of the principal streets in the town. Down by the river side nothing is to be seen but the stream itself and the precipitous banks on the opposite side, which rise over 200 feet above the level of the water. But ascending the slopes of the city the view gradually enlarges. Over the topmost pines on the opposite shore rises peak after peak of the forest-laden mountains, till at last the mighty beacon of Mount Baker, sixty miles away to the north-east, is as clear and as distinct as if within a stone's throw. Further off still are the more distant hills of the Olympian Mountains, clearly cut against the bright sky, though a hundred miles away. Following the river, and gazing westwards across the Gulf of Georgia, are the mountain summits of Vancouver, while further to the left may be seen the lengthening chain of the Cascade Range. Thus the city seems to be surrounded by a continuous ring of snowy peaks, resembling a diadem of alabaster. The river is three quarters of a mile wide here; and when carrying off the water from the melting snows in early spring, rushes past the city with a velocity of from six to seven miles an hour, often bearing on its broad bosom masses of drift wood, which render navigation somewhat perilous.

Though New Westminster has only just attained its majority, and has existed under the cold shade of popular, if not official, neglect, laboriously pushing its way in an out-of-the-way, and—to the general public—almost unknown corner of the world, it is now a fine city, boasting numerous brick and stone edifices; with a large hotel, the "Occident," which might serve as an example to many European establishments, and with fine public offices, schools, and places of worship. Its population is about 3,000.

Steamers run continually between Victoria and New Westminster, doing the trip of seventy miles in about six hours. From New Westminster "stern-wheel" steamers ascend the Lower Fraser as far as Yale, 100 miles, twice a week, taking eighteen hours or more on the upward journey, and but nine or ten hours on the run down, owing to the strength of the current.

BURRARD INLET AND PORT MOODY

FINE as is the site and bright as are the prospects of New Westminster, its importance will be only fully developed—it may indeed be superseded—by the creation of a harbour at Port Moody on Burrard Inlet, at the spot which has been finally selected as the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Burrard Inlet is a long inlet, somewhat like a Highland Loch, opening into the mainland, nine miles to the north-west of the mouth of the Fraser, with a coast line of sixteen miles in length. This inlet affords a fine natural harbour—or, practically, three distinct harbours—without the disadvantages of a rapid stream coursing down its channel. It has deep water, and ample room for a large fleet, and if Port Moody, as the embryo town on its southern shore is called, does not supersede New Westminster, it will become the practical port of that city, the final outlet for the produce of the country, and the point at which the incoming merchandise from Asia and the East will be received for transmission across the continent.

A CRUISE UP THE STRAIT OF GEORGIA

WHILE we are here, we may as well take a survey of the other "Inlets" which have run a close race with "Burrard" for the honour of being the terminus of the railway. Closely adjoining Burrard Inlet, to the north, is Howe Sound, which was at one time a likely winner; but it gave place in popular estimation to Bute Inlet, the magnificent estuary, 130 miles further west, into which the River Homathco falls. The advantage of this route would have been that it would have enabled the line to be carried across the gulf, here at its narrowest point, and studded with islands, and so extended to a terminus at Victoria in Vancouver.

The cruise up the Strait from New Westminster to this point, and beyond, is enchanting in the extreme. While the mighty Pacific Ocean is beating probably in mighty waves all along the outer shores of Vancouver, all here is as "still as a mill-pond"—the tiniest craft is safe in this land-locked arm of the sea, with a fresh harbour or creek at every turn; and yet there is room for the largest steamers afloat. "Such a spectacle," says Lord Dufferin, in describing a visit to the coast of British Columbia, "as the coast line presents, is not to be paralleled by any country in the world. Day after day, for a whole week, in a vessel of nearly 3,000 tons, we threaded an interminable labyrinth of watery reaches that wound endlessly in and out of a network of islands, promontories, and peninsulas, for thousands of miles, unruffled by the slightest swell from the adjoining ocean, and presenting at every turn an ever-shifting combination of rock, verdure, forest, glacier, and snow-capped mountains of unrivalled grandeur and beauty."

THE COAST LINE AND THE FISHERIES

THIS description, indeed, applies to the whole of the seaboard of British Columbia. There is nothing in the world to be compared to it, except it be the coast of Norway, and there the "fjords" are small and few in number compared with the size, the variety, and the frequency of the "inlets" on this shore. And just as they excel the fjords of Norway in this respect, so do they in the abundance and variety of the fisheries now being developed here. Salmon, cod, sturgeon, mullet, halibut, houlican, anchovies, herring, and other edible varieties exist in profusion. The dogfish is caught in enormous numbers for the sake of the oil which it yields, while seals are also abundant—both the fur-bearing variety and the common kinds valued for their oil rather than their skins. Among the more curious varieties of fish may be mentioned the "candlefish" or houlican (*Osmerus Thaleichthys*), which is so full of natural oil that when dried and set alight it will burn like a candle. At present, owing to the absence of a market, the fisheries are worked principally for the sake of their oil; and several large factories have been established all along the coast, right up to the boundary of Alaska. Houlican and dogfish are the fish principally used for the purpose. Whales are also found, and killed in the seas adjoining the coast.

The salmon are at present almost the only edible fish in which a commerce has been established, enormous quantities being annually preserved in tins, or "cans," as they are called in America. All the rivers are full of these fish, of which many varieties, some of them unknown on the Atlantic seaboard, are met with. The Fraser River Salmon Fishery, after yielding as many as four or five million pounds' weight of tinned salmon in a season, has, for some reason not adequately explained, fallen off to less than half its former productiveness. Whether "over-fishing" or other causes have been at the bottom of this falling-off, we must leave others to decide, in the assurance that the skilled fishery officers who have charge of the Fisheries of the Province will take all needful steps to prevent the fishery from being permanently injured.

A curious fact—for it is stated most positively by those who have had good opportunities of making the observation—is that the salmon of the Fraser River, when once they have spawned, never return to the sea, but, worn out by the exhaustion consequent on their lengthened journey, and on the function of reproducing their species, perish miserably in the river, being cast upon its banks in thousands.

The cod fishery is also of growing importance, and furnishes employment to a large number of American vessels from San Francisco.

The oyster beds in the Gulf of Georgia are also of value, and are receiving the attention of the fishery authorities, as well as of the fishermen.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS AND THE INDIANS

BETWEEN 52 deg. and 54 deg. N. latitude, and from 40 to 100 miles distant from the mainland, lie a group of islands named after Queen Charlotte. Here are valuable fisheries, upon the development of which much capital has lately been expended. At Skidegate Harbour, near the centre of the group, an oil factory has lately been established. But the islands have greater advantages than even the possession of valuable fisheries. The climate is more genial than that of the mainland opposite, and the islands are less subject to the frequent rainfalls which are characteristic of the summer season on the north-west coast. Cattle at Massett, in lat. 54 deg., winter freely on the natural pastures, the snow never lying deeply or remaining long. The soil is rich, but so densely covered with timber as to afford at present but slight opportunities for agriculture. The native Indians, however, cultivate the potato to sell to their neighbours on the mainland, with whom they communicate by means of their sea-going canoes, vessels of large size and elaborate structure, formed generally out of a single trunk of the North-West cedar (*Thuja gigantea*), and fashioned with a skill which would compare favourably, in point of proportion and fineness of "lines," with the models of our modern clipper ships. Some of these vessels are propelled by as many as fifty paddles. The people have long been noted for their ingenuity, and exhibit an extraordinary proficiency in many mechanical arts.

THE NORTH-WEST COAST

THE extreme north-west coast demands a hurried notice before we return to the Fraser Valley. At present the productive fisheries

of the Nass and Skena Rivers are the principal inducements to settlers; but saw-mills are also being established even as far north as this. The Nass falls into Portland Inlet, at the boundary between Alaska and British Columbia. Twelve miles from its mouth is the principal fishery station, and some miles farther up are a missionary station and an Indian village, the approaches to which are formed of the compacted sawdust from the saw-mills. The Skena River discharges into Port Essington, about fifty miles to the south of the Nass. The fishery here gives employment to large numbers of Indians as well as white fishermen, who think nothing of catching in two days enough fish to produce 50,000 tins, weighing 1 lb. each. The Indian women are employed in the manufacture of the nets. The River Skena is navigable by large steamers, and the Nass has been ascended by them for twenty-five miles.

A MODEL MISSIONARY STATION

At the mouth of the river is the important missionary station of Metlah-Katlah, with a population of over a thousand, founded a few years ago by Mr. Duncan, and now ably conducted by him, with the assistance of the Rev. Mr. Collinson and his wife. Besides a saw-mill, a turner's shop, a carpenter's shop, a smithy, and a cooper's yard have been established, where the different trades are efficiently carried on by Red men and whites alike. There is a school, accommodating 150 to 200 children, as fine, healthy, neat, and well-instructed as one would wish to see. Besides all this is a church, capable of seating 1,200 persons, entirely built by native labour.

BACK TO THE FRASER RIVER

These outlying and sparsely-inhabited districts, however, must not occupy our attention to the exclusion of that portion of the Province in which the interests of the Dominion and of the Empire are most immediately centred. The above description of them will show what vast resources still await development when the railway shall have opened up the more accessible districts directly illustrated in our sketches. We must, however, on our way back, take a peep up the River Homathco, which falls into Bute Inlet, already referred to. Mr. Smith, one of the Surveyors of the Pacific Railway Survey Department, thus describes the cañon of the Homathco, thirty miles from the head of the Inlet:—"The scene here is awfully sublime. The towering rocks, thousands of feet high; far above these, again, the snow-clad peaks, cemented by huge glaciers; and in a deep gorge beneath a mountain torrent, whirling, boiling, roaring, and large boulders always in motion—muttering, groaning like troubled spirits, and ever and anon striking on the rocks, making a report like the booming of distant artillery. But with all this wildness there is the fresh beauty of vegetation. Wherever there is a crevice in the rocks large enough to hold a few inches of soil, trees are growing and wild flowers blooming."

If the Canadian Pacific Railway does nothing else it will confer a boon upon the traveller and sportsman, the sightseer and artist, by bringing within easy reach these wondrous scenes of beauty.

THE CARIBOO GOLD FIELDS

The Homathco, as well as the Fraser, affords a means of communication between the sea and the celebrated Gold Fields of Cariboo, discovered in 1862. In the last twenty years these gold fields have yielded some eight millions sterling of gold, but they have not added one iota to the wealth of the country. Men rushed thither to make their fortunes; made them, and returned to San Francisco, or died in the excesses which the sudden acquisition of wealth led them into. Though each individual miner on the field now earns at least 250*l.* to 300*l.* a year, clear profit, on an average, there are probably fewer men steadily working there than ever. Probably there are not more than 2,000 miners there now, although from every sandbank gold can be scooped up, and there is probably far more of the precious metal left in the abandoned claims than has been carried away.

Fortunately British Columbia has never been the scene of the disgraceful outrages and lynchings which formerly gave the mining districts of California such a bad name. Law and order are observed by all classes in marked contrast to the state of things once existing across the United States border.

THE FRASER VALLEY AND THE RAILWAY

The existence of a railway, and the consequent facilities for furnishing even the distant Cariboo Gold Fields with regular supplies of food and clothing, and for developing the other resources of the country would no doubt have enabled the colony to derive much greater advantage from the gold fields than has been the case. The Fraser itself, on whose valley the earliest discovery of gold took place, earned the name of the "Crazy River," owing to the excitement which the discovery created, and the extraordinary "rush" thither, and the subsequent rush out, which ensued. But the gold fields alone would never have been sufficient inducement for the Dominion to undertake the construction of the railway across the Rocky Mountains and through the hills and across the gorges of British Columbia. The fostering of the permanent industries of agriculture, of coal and iron mining, and of fishing was one of the principal objects in view, and to them the railway must look for the sources of its traffic.

The lower Fraser valley we shall presently follow, in company with the Marquis of Lorne, on artistic thoughts intent. Let us here look at its agricultural and commercial capacity. The lower valley of the Fraser, for about fifty or sixty miles in length, is a lovely, fertile plain, beautifully wooded, watered by innumerable streams and lakes, and with a soil varying from a deep black vegetable *humus* to a light brown loamy earth. Any crops in the world will grow here. The plains are covered with a dense growth of natural grass called bunch grass, which possesses highly nutritious qualities, and keeps cattle in excellent condition throughout the whole winter. As already stated, grapes and corn, and European fruits and vegetables of all kinds will flourish, while the timber supplies are in every sense magnificent. This valley, with the great and beautiful valley of the Okanagon, lying to the eastward, immediately south of Lake Shuswap, will be directly opened out by the railway, which passes through them; and branch lines will, no doubt, eventually ramify through all the more favoured parts of the colony. The great plain of Chilcotin, lying further north-west, and watered by a tributary of the Fraser of that name, is another magnificent stretch of agricultural country, which cannot long be left without railway communication when once the inevitable growth of population demands a greater supply of vegetables, grain, and meat.

The whole length of the Fraser itself is about 700 miles. Its extreme upper portion, careering through rocky gorges, is in strong contrast with the middle portion of its watershed, which is less mountainous, and this again with the plain just described. The Thomson River, referred to in the sketches, joins it at Lytton, at the lower valley, having itself passed through a valley of wonderful fertility, and of even greater beauty than that of the Fraser. The valley of the Thomson, indeed, may claim to be, for richness of scenery, one of the most beautiful in the world.

KICKING HORSE PASS AND THE RAILWAY

Kicking Horse Pass is the not very euphonious name of the opening of the Rocky Mountains through which the railway is to pass. It is situated in 51 deg. N. latitude, and 117 deg. W. longitude close to the source of the Bow River. All the other alternative routes suggested passed considerably to the north, the points in favour of that finally selected being that it is shorter than the others; that it is further south; that it passes over lower ground; and that it opens up the richest agricultural districts. From Kicking Horse Pass the railway will proceed in a westerly direction twice across the Columbia, which near here takes a "right-about" bend, to Lake Shuswap, at the head of which it will pass the town of Seymour. From here it proceeds along the valley of the South Thomson River to Kamloops, at the junction of that stream with the main River Thomson coming from the north. Hence to Yale, a distance of 127 miles, the line will pass through a splendid agricultural country. This section is already under contract, and twenty-five miles of the distance have already been completed, commencing at Emory Bar, just below Yale. From Yale to Port Moody, the final stage of the westward journey, is another stretch of ninety miles. The sketches of His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne give a good idea of the physical difficulties to be contended with in the construction of the line.

When complete, the railway will furnish uninterrupted communication entirely through British territory, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the total distance from Burrard Inlet to Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, being 2,710 miles. Thence to Montreal is 112 miles more. Besides being shorter than the American line, it will have the advantage of crossing the Rocky Mountains at a much lower altitude, and of traversing generally for this reason a warmer, although a more northerly, country.

A great project is already on foot, which the completion of this line will probably bring into actual operation, to unite the railway now building in Newfoundland with the Inter-Colonial Railway by means of a great railway ferry running across to Cape Breton Island, and the latter line again in the same way with the Pacific Railway at Montreal, and thus practically afford uninterrupted railway communication from St. John's on the extreme east to New Westminster on the extreme west. The gauge of the railway is 4 ft. 8½ in.

THE CLIMATE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

A word as to the climate of this Western Province of the Dominion. Sheltered on the east by the Rocky Mountains, and on the west by the Cascades Range, and lying, notwithstanding its mountainous character generally lower than the country on the other side of the Rockies, the climate of the country is much more temperate than Manitoba or the adjoining States of the American Union, especially in the central and southern portion. Here the lakes are never frozen, and the snow lies but for a short period. On the upper part of the Fraser River the weather is capricious, and the winter cold; but when spring comes, as it does come, sooner or later, it comes for good, and "Winter, lingering, chills *not* the lap of May" as is so often the case with us. About the headwaters of the Columbia the climate is delightful; extremes are rare, and the snow melts as it falls. Drawing nearer to the coast, but still east of the Cascades Range, the climate becomes hotter and drier in summer and colder in winter. West of the Cascades, and in Vancouver, the thermometer seldom rises over 80 deg. in the hottest summer day, or falls below 20 deg. in winter. The summer is beautiful—delightful; no words can convey to ordinary English ears a sense of the deliciousness of the summer months here. Further north, towards the coast opposite the Queen Charlotte Islands, the humidity is greater and rain more frequent. A warm current of water flows down the coast, conveying heat and moisture, just as the Gulf Stream keeps the western shores of England, Scotland, and Norway so much warmer than their latitude would otherwise enable them to be. The vapours are carried by the winds to the mountain side, where they are condensed and fall in rain or fog, fertilising the valleys and supporting the magnificent verdure and vegetation of the country.

THE FUTURE OF THE COLONY

We have not space to refer in detail to the fauna of the country—the deer, the elk and cariboo, the buffalo and bear, the marten, mink, beaver, and other fur-bearing animals, the geese and ducks, grouse, snipe, and ptarmigan—which make the country a trapper's and a sportsman's paradise. But these should not be entirely omitted from a sketch of the capabilities of this distant province of the British Empire, long neglected and little appreciated. Nine years hence British Columbia will be able to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of its formal annexation by Captain Vancouver in the name of George III. If it cares to celebrate the event at all, it will be able to do so, with its railway, as we trust, complete, in a manner which shall afford a striking contrast of its future hopes with its past oblivion.

It is only a quarter of a century since the sudden increase of population caused by the "gold fever" induced the English Government formally to erect the country, until then a monopoly—a sealed book—in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, into a colony. Even now the population, including 30,000 Indians, does not exceed 50,000, but the exports last year amounted to a value of over a million sterling. What may we not expect of the country when the railway has opened its gates to immigration, and brought the markets of the world within reach of its produce? With the great future which the country has before it, no British official is likely to repeat the opinion of it expressed by the brother of a past Premier, who, forty years ago, declared that "the country was not worth a ——, for the salmon wouldn't take a fly!" Rather will the representatives of the Government be encouraged to follow the example set by Lord Dufferin, and acted upon by his distinguished successor in the Governor-Generalship, and not only to make themselves personally acquainted with all parts of the Dominion, but also to popularise a knowledge of its capabilities.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

The series of illustrations which we publish this week, from sketches by the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., G.C.M.G., represent the salient features of the country traversed by His Excellency and H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, on their recent visit to British Columbia. We may observe here that His Excellency's original sketches are admirable—quite equal to those executed by professional artists. The importance of the Canadian Pacific Railway now being constructed across the Dominion could hardly be illustrated more forcibly than by the fact that the Governor-General and party were obliged to make a *détour* through the United States, and to reach the capital of British Columbia by way of San Francisco.

San Francisco is a city of handsome streets and shops, but confined by high sand hills rising above it, and the country around, except where verdure is produced by irrigation, looks very dry and hot. A cold wind blows there all the summer in the afternoon, however. San Francisco lies at the north-eastern extremity of the southernmost of two tongues of land which, separated only by the narrow strait known as the "Golden Gate," form the western boundary of the Bay of San Francisco—the grand estuary into which fall the Rivers Sacramento, San Joaquin and other streams rising in the Sierra Nevada, among the wondrous beauties of the Yosemité Valley and the Tuelumne Cañon, and beneath the shade of those giants of the forest known as the Calaveras "Big Trees" and the Mariposa Grove. Across this estuary a magnificent view is obtained from the City of San Francisco, with Monte Diablo, rising some 4,000 feet above sea level, and towering over the wooded slopes of the favourite suburban residence of Oakland, on the opposite side of the Bay. The city is regularly laid out, the streets being broad, and crossing each other at right angles. The site was originally exceedingly rugged, but most of the ridges have been levelled. Telegraph Hill, however, at the north-eastern end of the town, 300 feet high, overlooking the Golden Gate, Russia Hill, 360 feet high, on the west, and Union Hill, 120 feet high, in the south-west, remain as points of vantage from which to view the neighbourhood. Five-and-thirty years ago, before the discovery of gold, 'Frisco did not contain 1,000 souls. Two years of the gold fever increased its population thirty-fold, and then it was a hotbed of profligacy, and the resort of the most desperate characters in the world. Now it is a well-ordered city of close on 200,000 inhabitants, doing an enormous trade with the West—or rather should we say with "the East," as we know it—by sea, and with the Atlantic seaboard and the interior by rail. The city boasts several fine buildings. Perhaps the most ambitious of all is St. Patrick's Cathedral, with a spire 240 feet high, near the southern end of the city, in Mission Street. A mile and a half to the south, on the outskirts of the city, is Mission Hall, the most ancient building in the place, built of adobe brick, and founded in 1776. Near the centre of the town, bordering on Market Street, is Yerba Buena Park, with the new City Hall; close by is the new Mint, a fine building. Further up Market Street are the Merchants' Exchange and Custom House, the Mechanics' Institute, with a library of 30,000 volumes, and the Mercantile Library, St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cathedral, with a spire 200 feet high, two or three more chapels and churches, and the Shereth Israel, or Jewish Synagogue, the interior of which is worth seeing, are near by. The Chinese quarter of the city, with its temples, Chinese theatres, opium cellars, and gambling halls, is worth visiting. Near here are the Plaza—at one corner of which stands the Hall of Records, formerly the Eldorado Gambling Halls—and Washington Square. The environs of the city afford many fine views. An immense sea-wall, 8,340 feet long, has recently been built, while a drive to Point Lobos, on the open Pacific, overlooking Seal Rock, upon which hundreds of seals may be seen disporting themselves, opens up many points of interest. The lighthouse on the Farallones Islands, thirty miles distant in the ocean, can be seen from here.

With the natural advantage of an almost unrivalled marine position, and with immense resources, mineral and vegetable, in the neighbourhood, and with the further advantage of direct communication by rail with the surrounding country, and with the Atlantic seaboard, San Francisco offers a picture of what Victoria or New Westminster may not unreasonably expect to become, when the great work of constructing the Canadian Pacific Railway shall have been completed.

In the second sketch H.M.S. *Comus* is seen leaving the harbour, accompanied by the courteous General McDowell, who commanded in September the Military District in which the city lies, and by whose orders the great new fort on Yerba Buena, or Goat Island, at the mouth of the harbour, fired a salute from her heavy guns as the *Comus* steamed by.

Nearly twelve degrees, or 750 miles, to the north of San Francisco, is the Strait of San Juan de Fuca, the entrance to a second great natural harbour, which must eventually be to British Columbia and the rest of the Dominion of Canada what the Bay of San Francisco is to California and the United States. Separated from the mainland on the south by these Straits, and on the east and north-east by the Strait of Georgia and Queen Charlotte Sound, lies Vancouver Island, at the south-eastern extremity of which is the City of Victoria, the political and ecclesiastical capital of the Province of British Columbia. At present it is the most important town in the Province, with a population of 7,000, but it is likely to be closely run in the race for pre-eminence on the western seaboard of British North America by its opposite neighbour, New Westminster, situate about seventy miles distant, on the mainland—of which more anon. The city is delightfully situate, with the small inner harbour immediately below it, while above is an extensive lake, formed by a broadening of the river, on which the town is built. The foliage of the beautiful evergreens and the lawn-like stretches of emerald green banks afford a striking combination of the scenery peculiar to both tropical and temperate climates, while the rocky promontories and the snow-clad range in the background,

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BRIDGE ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, WITH A SLUICE ON THE CLUTAGHON RIVER

FALLS AT THE HEAD OF THE LOWER NAVIGABLE STRETCH OF THE FRASER RIVER

THE GORGE OF THE FRASER RIVER—A TUNNEL ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE TOUR OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE

FROM SKETCHES BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T., GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

THE NARROWS, ON AN ARM OF THE NORTH LAKE, ON LAKE OF THE WOODS, WINNIPEG

RIVER TERRACES ON THE THOMSON RIVER

THE VILLAGE OF KAMLOOPS AT THE CONFLUENCE OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH THOMSON RIVERS

THE TOUR OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE

lend to the scene the additional attraction of the grandeur of a mountain landscape.

Sketch No. 3 shows Government House, Victoria—a beautiful spot—looking away from Vancouver Island towards the mainland. The Lieutenant-Governor's terraces and gardens surround a comfortable abode, and beyond the fern and oak-covered levels of the island are seen the island-studded straits of San Juan de Fuca, the island of San Juan recently given by the award of the Emperor of Germany to the United States, and the great sierras of Washington territory, with Mount Baker soaring above them.

In the next sketch an attempt is made to make a closer acquaintance with Mount Baker through the aid of a field glass. This mountain is the most northerly peak of the Olympian range of mountains in United States territory, and stands 10,100 feet above sea level.

Leaving Victoria, with her hospitable inhabitants and loyally decorated streets, the *Comus* after a few days' stay in the island of Vancouver brought the Governor-General's party to the town of New Westminster on the Fraser River, where a torchlight boat pageant was organised for the Princess. In this Indians and whites alike took part. Along the shores of the river are immense canneries, where the numberless salmon which throng the Fraser River are potted and sent to England and the States. There seems no limit to the number of fish which arrive in different varieties at different times of the year. The first, or spring comers, are considered the best, but none are to be despised with the exception of the hump-backed salmon, which arrives latest and comes only every alternate year.

From New Westminster the *Comus* visited the forest-covered and deep fjord called Burrard Inlet, of which two sketches are given, with H.M.S. *Comus* at anchor. Burrard Inlet is the present projected terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and this winter some thousands of workmen are constructing the line along the section which will lead it from this point to the Fraser River, whose progress we will pursue to the junction of the Thomson River.

Returning to New Westminster, and proceeding up the Fraser River, we have several sketches of that fine stream near its mouth, with the snow-clad peaks of the Cascade Range in the background. One of them shows the fine outline of the Four Sisters, and a reach of the River, much impeded by snags, or water-logged trunks of pine. These have to be removed from the steamers' channel every year. Another represents Alpine forms as fine as any of those found in the Swiss Mountains. These will also be visible from the railway carriage windows. The largest sketch represents a view which will meet the eyes of the traveller in the train about forty-five miles above New Westminster. Mount Hope is a mountain of magnificent form, and others of the locality contrast finely with its square and massive walls. On its summit the snow lies all summer. A very rapid portion of the river has here to be travelled by the steamer, which laboriously paddles, or is hauled up the rapids along the shingle banks of what is known as Union Bar.

At Yale we reach the head of the highest stretch of navigation on the Fraser River. From this upwards the river rushes through gorges, and is hardly navigable, although steamers ply upon waters higher up. Yale was famous for its gold, and a good deal is still taken out on the bank shown on the opposite side of the river in the foreground of the sketch. The rock in mid-channel in the centre of the gorge is called Lady Franklin's Rock, because that remarkable lady rested here one day when prosecuting one of those journeys in which she hoped to obtain some tidings of her husband. One of the numerous tunnels of the Canadian Pacific Railroad is seen in the bluff beyond the town. Already from this town over twenty-five miles of the track are completed, and some of the most difficult work to be undertaken along the route of the biggest railway in the world has been accomplished. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the forest-covered mountain walls at this point. On the same page we have a view of one of the Railway Bridges spanning a difficult place in the distance, while in the foreground a waggon road constructed along the face of the rock seems safe to no one but a British Columbian, excellently engineered as it is.

In our next view we look through a completed tunnel at the uncompleted work to be undertaken on the line before us. In two-and-a-half years the Canadian Government will have finished the line up to Kamloops, where it will meet that undertaken by the Company, and it is estimated that the whole line from Montreal to the Pacific will be open in 1887.

After passing Mount Hope we emerge into more open country, at a place called after the late Lord Lytton, where the Thomson River meets the Fraser. Pursuing the Thomson River up its swift current for ninety miles we come to Kamloops Lake, and a steamer takes us thence to the junction of the North and South Thomson Rivers, where Kamloops village stands. This place will probably be an important central town for the valleys of the interior of British Columbia. There is good land about it, and the forests that have hitherto covered the mountains now retire to the summits, sending down their skirmishers only into the valleys. The remarkable river terraces which are to be met with everywhere along the Columbian rivers are here seen, and are shown in a separate sketch, where a bluff as formidable as those in the Fraser has to be negotiated by the road. The railway will probably pass on to the other side, and this section will be undertaken next year. The whole of these terraces and bluffs and hill sides are covered with good so-called bunch grass. This is a grass on which cattle thrive amazingly, and which makes their flesh particularly well-flavoured. Pursuing the South Thomson River, admirable boats, adapted for the navigation of shallow rivers, take the traveller up the Shuswap or Schuswapps Lake. The railway will cross at the narrows shown at the end of this arm of the lake. There are three other arms of this remarkable and beautiful sheet of water, which may be called the Lake of Four Waters. It should become a favourite place for a halt when on a trans-Continental journey. Its forest-covered hills are more like those of Norway than of Switzerland. The central hills in British Columbia are not so formidable in height or grandeur as are the ranges bordering the sea on the one side, and the plains on the other. Excellent fishing can be had in every river and lake. The salmon so crowd the Thomson and adjoining rivers that the Indians scoop them out of the eddies with landing-nets. They press against each other in their annual ascent in such numbers that myriads die, and even the strongest seem exhausted, and have their tails and fins worn bare and white.

The Governor-General's party reached a beautiful and characteristic valley, called the Spillamacheen, by ascending in a steamer another long river. Very shallow it was, and much skill had to be used by the captain in getting over some of the sand bars. Numerous white-headed eagles were perched on the pines, and wild swans, Canada geese, and ducks made the members of the party suddenly seize their rifles and guns, and rush from the cabins to get a shot. Here, as further down, the poplar's golden blaze contrasted finely with the dark green of the firs.

When Spillamacheen Valley was reached, navigation ceased. Like many another spot hidden away behind the wooded hills, this one seems to have been an ancient lake; level as a billiard table the prairie winds along under the forest mountain slopes. Although the first settler only appeared in this region a few years ago, there are already seven or eight farms of three hundred acres each in line along this strath. The fine long-needled *Pinus ponderosa* contends with the Douglas Fir for the occupation of the lower slopes. Together with the white man, the Indian farmer is seen, for the Spillamacheen and Okanagan Indians are as keen farmers and good citizens as any. Independent men, they will accept no aid from the Government, lest they should be asked to give something in return. They have their lands,—they have been taught farming by the whites,—they have as much game, or more than ever, for they have rather given up hunting to take to agricultural pursuits,—they have as many or more fish in the river than ever, and need nothing except, as they themselves say, schools and schoolmasters, for which they are perfectly ready to pay.

In the last sketch we see that one of the customs of civilisation which they have not yet adopted is a European lady's seat on horseback, for the mother takes her children on crupper and pommel, and rides man fashion on her *cayuse*, or Indian pony, accompanied by her household: such a cavalcade we see in the sketch riding along the sage-covered pastures in the neighbourhood of Lake Okanagan. This lake is eighty or ninety miles in length, and is in the very centre of the province. A flourishing French mission is established on its borders, but as yet no steamer tempts the traveller to survey its beauties from a state cabin. There is much good pastoral land along it, and the crops raised, especially where irrigation has been employed, are very fine. Tomatoes and kitchen-garden produce, as well as all small fruits, flourish exuberantly, and there is no doubt that the Canadian will in future get his fruit stores mainly from British Columbia as the American procures his from California.

Like Ships upon the Sea

(*Continued from page 89*)

never contemplated her having recourse to the revolver. It would be a dreary, dull life for her, no doubt. But his imagination was far more lively in picturing what the life would be for himself. It would never do. "I'll give up the whole thing, and go away," declared Masi. "I'll ask tomorrow for a long leave to go down to Boscombrosa for family affairs." And then, having made that Spartan resolution for the fifth or sixth time, with particular energy on one particular day, he thought he might reward himself for his self-control by spending the evening with Violet. It would be the last? He should, probably, never see her again? But that thought was so painful that he instantly put it aside. Why think of painful things? Mario Masi never did. It was his creed not to do so; and it would have been an excellent rule of conduct if troubles could be abolished by not thinking about them, or if life were a story-book, whose pages we could turn at our pleasure, and skip the ugly chapters.

He went up to the third story, where Miss Baines lodged, and was admitted by the broad-backed Mariuccia, who grinned upon him as a familiar acquaintance. *La vecchia* (the old woman), as Mariuccia always designated Miss Baines with Homeric simplicity and constancy of epithet, was at home, but the Signorina Violetta was out. Masi, when he heard this, hesitated for an instant on the threshold. Violet was probably at some house which he also frequented, and where he might find her. Her aunt could tell him. Should he enter? Or would it not be better to go away, and leave the unfinished chapter of his love romance, then and there, for ever? It was as if Fate held two folded lots in her hand, and bade him choose.

As he stood uncertain, Mariuccia flung open the door of the sitting-room, and announced, in her rough, hoarse voice: "*C'è il Capitano!*"

Fate works out her dramas with sovereign indifference to the scenic proprieties or the precedence of the actors, and puts messages of great moment into the mouths of clowns and waiting-maids. Mariuccia decided Masi's choice, and he went in.

Miss Baines was alone in the shabby sitting-room, seated close to the fire, with a shawl round her shoulders and the inevitable tea-tray on a table by her side. She received Masi with her usual timid kindness of manner. Would he not sit down? She was so sorry that Violet was out. She had gone with a party of friends to see the Coliseum by moonlight. Miss Baines herself had a little cold, and had been afraid to venture, but she had persuaded Violet to go because she thought a little society would cheer her. She had been out of spirits and very low all day, and, therefore——

Masi here interrupted her to express a hope that no trouble or misfortune had befallen Miss Violet.

"Oh! no. Well, I hardly know. No; really one can't call it exactly a misfortune. But she is so attached to Rome—far more than I am, to say the truth. You won't mind my saying that I do like my own country best? I have been used to it so long, you see. Violet, of course, is younger, and the idea of going away quite upsets her."

"Going away! You are not going away?"

"Yes, we are. I had a letter from my uncle to-day, who is an old man, and the head of our family, and he wishes us to return to England. I think we shall be off within a fortnight—in fact, as soon as we can get things settled about the lodgings, and all that. Signor Giorgi thinks we might underlet them for the remainder of our lease. Do you think we might, Captain Masi?"

Masi stood looking at her fixedly, and hearing no word she said. When she paused, he repeated: "Going away! But why must you mind this uncle? Why go if she likes to stay?"

"People cannot do as they like always, you know. One has duties. And Violet ought not to displease her grand-uncle. He has strict principles, and is greatly respected where he lives, at Dozelbury, and he can leave his property how he pleases. Young persons do not think of these things. Perhaps one likes them all the better for not thinking of them. But it is my duty not to let Violet act contrary to her grand-uncle. You are not going, Captain Masi? Won't you have a cup of tea?"

But Masi declared that he would not intrude on her another instant. She was ill, and needed quiet. Besides, he had an engagement. He had only just called in to see—— How long might it be since the party started for the Coliseum? Being told that Violet had not left the house a quarter of an hour when he came in, he stammered a word of farewell, wrung Miss Baines's hand, and was half-way down the stairs before Mariuccia's bovine paces had brought her to the door to let him out.

It was a brilliant winter night. The deep transparent sky was sprinkled with a diamond dust of stars. Along the Corso the shops were shut, but here and there the cafés made bright patches on the pavement, and the rows of street-lamps blinked orange-coloured under the moonlight. The irregular house fronts were arabesqued with shadows thrown by their endless variety of balconies. Where the moonlight fell it blanched the grey stone and tinted stucco of palaces and dwellings, and glittered on the gilded letters of a sign-board, and showed the brown or green lattice blinds in the ghosts of their daylight colours. After sunset a little keen wind, which had been blowing the sharp white dust about all day, had entirely dropped, and the air was full of a still sweetness that caressed your cheek like the touch of a soft cold hand. Near the centre of the great Roman artery, the Corso, close to the Piazza Colonna, there was still plenty of stir and movement. Behind the great plate-glass windows of the restaurants, where the gas flared coarsely in an atmosphere heavy with the smell of food; in the crimson velvet-cushioned cafés, and even on the bleached pavement outside them there were scores of loungers, standing or strolling as if it had been May rather than December. Carriages passed and crossed and disappeared into the labyrinth of side streets, their lamps gleaming like gigantic topazes from Aladdin's garden, and the horses' hoofs beating out a sharp rhythmic tattoo above the low drone of the rolling wheels. Suddenly from a side alley a crowd of shabby men and boys swooped out with a rush into the Corso, and scattered themselves to all points of the compass; shouting at the pitch of their lungs the evening newspapers just published, and making the air quiver with their hoarse, shrill, or bawling cries. As these died away by degrees in the distance, the ear took up again the previous sounds, as it takes up an interrupted tune—the rumbling wheels, the trotting hoofs, the shuffle of feet on the pavement, and the talk and laughter of passers-by, heard through the clear night, distinct, yet softened, like voices on the water.

Mario Masi marched on through it all with his regular soldier's step, looking neither to the right nor the left. His mind and heart were full of one thought: Violet Moore was going away!—one feeling: how hard it would be for him to lose her! He passed along the length of the Corso to the Piazza di Venezia, where the huge walls of Paul the Second's mediæval palace made an inky lake of shadow on the ground, and reared their square battlements sharply against the pellucid tenderness of the sky. Thence turning into a maze of dark streets, he emerged at length behind the Forum, and the Coliseum was before him.

All the space around it was flooded by the light of a moon nearly at the full, which now floated high in the heavens, distinct and clearly rounded like a globe of pure pale gold amidst the intense blue. The vast oval of the Coliseum showed its majestic curves beneath this radiance with unspeakable harmonies of light and shade. A few carriages were waiting at the archway by which the great Amphitheatre is now entered. Inside it several groups of strangers were wandering among the shadowy corridors, climbing, sitting, talking, laughing, gazing, or meditating. But the huge ruin absorbed them. They could not subdue, they could scarcely disturb, the silent Spirit of the Moonlight. Mario stood still for a moment when he found himself within the portal of the Coliseum, and looked from its cavernous shadow on to the expanse of the interior intersected by deep fosses—a silver flooring barred with ebony. Under the moon's effulgence the bare walls had an arid golden tint like the arid golden desert sands. No twig, no leaf, no blade of grass was there to suggest growth and change. The gigantic fabric, with its rows of open arches framing curved spaces of blue-black sky, stood utterly desolate as if stricken with eternal barrenness, but sublime in the dignity of its stern despair—an invincible stoic Roman, defying Time and Fate.

A voice came down spirit-like from the mountainous height of the topmost gallery. It was one of those sweet, flute-toned voices of the North, which seem to have something passionlessly angelic; so different from Italian voices, which are often like their wines,—full of sunshine, but with a rough taste of the grape skin to remind us of mother earth. The voice called down in clear tones, cleaving the silence like a silver arrow, "Violet, Violet! Come up here to us. It is so lovely!" Then Violet's voice answered from below, fainter and more veiled, "No; I am tired. I will stay here. I will wait."

Guided by the sound, Mario strained his eyes in the direction from whence she had spoken, and saw her sitting alone—a shadow within a shadow—on a fallen block of marble. As he passed from beneath the archway to where she sat, he crossed a moonlit space, and the rays of light sparkled for an instant on his sword and the silver star on his uniform, and attracted her eye. In a moment he was beside her. But that moment had sufficed for her to recognise him in the moonlight, and she neither started nor exclaimed. Neither did she start when he said, "Violet, is it you? What a happy chance!" It seemed quite natural that he should be there, and that he should call her by her name in that passionate, low voice. She felt no wonder then. It was only afterwards that she began to wonder why she had not wondered.

He sat down on the great ruined block of marble close beside her, and for a second or two neither of them spoke. "You did not expect to see me," he said at length.

"Oh no. What brought you here?"

"It must have been my good angel. Until I found myself here I did not know that I was coming. I had no plan in my mind."

"Is it not lovely?" said Violet. "I did not much want to come. But the Sweetmans urged me, and my aunt urged me. And then I thought that perhaps it would be my last look at the Coliseum, and I would bid it 'good-bye' by the moonlight. I would not climb up there with the others. I liked better to sit here all by myself, not saying 'good-bye,' but feeling it. But I forgot. You don't know——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Masi. "Are you sorry to go?"

There was no answer. The climbing moon began to illuminate the shadowy corner where they sat. Its rays fell on Violet's head, and she turned away her face.

"Violet, answer me. Are you sorry to go away?"

She made a supreme effort, and answered in a strained voice, utterly unlike her own, "Of course. Every one is sorry to leave Rome."

"But you don't look at me. Won't you look at me? Violet! When I pray you——"

He took her hand in his right hand, and put his left gently and lightly round her shoulders and turned her towards him. The moonlight fell on a sweet face white as a white rose. Her broad-leaved hat had fallen back, revealing a space of rippling hair, and the candid brow creased like the forehead of a sobbing child. She had cried hours ago, and her eyes were still heavy and swollen. As Mario looked at her, some big tears gathered and rolled glittering down her cheeks, and her lips quivered piteously as she tried in vain to steady them. The cloak she wore had a dark fur collar, which admirably framed the firm white contour of her throat; and one or two bright tears fell on to the soft fur and shone there, gleaming like diamonds on the sable. The arm which lightly

nclected her shoulder suddenly tightened its hold, and Mario drew her to him.

"Stay with me, Violet," he whispered. "I love you. Stay with me, and be my wife!"

For an instant she yielded to his embrace. Then, gently withdrawing herself from his arms, she hid her face in both hands with a burst of tears.

"Violet—*Violetta mia!* You are not not angry? You are not sorry?"

"No; only happy,—too happy. Let me cry. How foolish to cry because I am happy!"

"You know I love you? You have have known it long?"

"I thought a little while ago I did not know it. But now I know that I know it. Only I was so afraid to believe! I dared not believe."

"Why?"

She lifted her face, blurred and swollen with tears, but strangely sweet in its wistful innocence. "Because I loved you," she answered simply.

With a sudden impulse of his Southern blood he flung himself on his knees before her, seized her ungloved hand, soft and warm from the shelter of the fur cloak, and covered it with passionate kisses. "*Amor mio, amor mio,*" he murmured, "I am not worthy of you."

Violet hushed him as though he had uttered a blasphemy. "Not worthy of her! "Pray, pray don't speak so!" she cried. "It frightens me. It makes me see how different you think me from what I really am." Then she made him rise from his worshipping posture at her feet. "Some one may come upon us at any moment, you know. My friends will be here again directly."

He stood up, and drew her arm within his. "Let us walk about, then," he said. "They will find us soon enough: too soon, *Violetta mia!* Say it once more, 'I love you.'" She obeyed.

"Now say it in my language. It must be your language, too, now. You must be an Italian. Say '*Amo mio, io voglio bene.*'"

"*Io voglio bene,*" echoed Violet, with her still measured foreign accent. Then, nestling closer to his side, she whispered, "No; I spoil it. It is music when you say it. But if I could make it sound as sweetly in your ears as it sounds in my heart, you would not be discontented."

They paced up and down in the deep shadow, scarcely speaking. Masi was intoxicated with a feeling of passionate tenderness, in which a strange sense of pathos lurked, like a minor interval recurring in a joyous tune. At moments this innocent creature who had given him her heart moved in him an impulse of yearning pity, such as we who are world-worn often feel for a little happy child. "*Poveretta!*" he said, softly.

"*Poveretta!*" she repeated. "That means poor little thing! But I am not poor now. I am rich—the richest girl in Rome."

The word "rich" smote him with something like self-reproach. He paused at a place where the moonlight fell through an archway, and looked at her smiling, tearful face. "*Poveretta!*" he repeated; and drew her with a protecting gesture closer to his side. But he was not going to mingle any bitter reflections with the sweet draught at his lips. There was always time enough to think troublesome thoughts. As for Violet, her trust in him was absolute. She did not question the future. Mario loved her. That was a fact which must of itself make life happy, as sunrise makes the day.

Violet's friends began to descend, and called to her to join them. "Violet!" cried the sweet, flaty voice. "Where are you? Are you cold?" The voice belonged to Miss Sweetman, a bony, girlish person of five-and-thirty, with clumsy boots and a huge fashionable poke bonnet, casting a grotesque shadow on the silver grey ground. Her mother, Mrs. Sweetman, was with her, and a couple of travelling Englishman caught on the wing. Every one expressed regret that Miss Moore had not climbed up with them. It had been so delightful! The effect of the building seen by moonlight from above was absolutely indescribable! And then they all began to describe it.

They found Violet sitting alone on the block of marble where they had left her. But when they went outside whom should they find near the entrance but Captain Masi! There was a general exclamation and handshaking on the part of the Sweetmans. "Why, how did you chance to be here at this hour?" asked Mrs. Sweetman.

"I have been on duty," answered Masi, with perfect coolness and *sang-froid*.

"On duty! Where?"

"At my barracks. Don't you know that there are barracks not far off, near the Bocca della Verità?"

"Fancy being kept there till this hour! What a shame!" exclaimed Miss Sweetman, who was rather too importuntely juvenile in her demeanour towards the male sex. "Weren't you awfully bored?"

"Of course. So I thought I would amuse myself by a look at the Coliseum."

"Well! Whatever we may think of the Coliseum by moonlight, I should never have called it amusing! What an expression to use! But you haven't a bit of sentiment, you Italians; you are horribly practical and prosaic. I assure you they are, Mr. Jones, though English people will never believe it till they have lived in Italy."

Mr. Jones, an undergraduate, said, "Oh, really! Ha, ha!" and contemplated Captain Masi with that politely mistrustful demeanour not uncommon amongst the young men of our country towards a stranger;—a demeanour the like of which may be sometimes observed in a dog, who greets new four-footed acquaintances with a condescending wag, tempered by a warning growl.

"Come, come," cried Mrs. Sweetman, "I am prosaic and practical enough to object to loitering about here in the cold. Get into the carriage, girls. Mr. Jones and Mr. Billing, we will give you a lift home if you like. One of you can sit on the box."

Masi, who had been speaking in a low voice to Violet, now declared boldly that Miss Moore wished to walk home. "Walk home!" exclaimed Mrs. Sweetman. "Oh, it's absurd at this hour."

"I should like to walk, too, mamma! I should love it of all things," said Miss Sweetman, who perceived that if they drove, Jones, as the younger man, would be consigned to the box seat out of reach. Mrs. Sweetman hesitated. She seldom opposed her daughter's will, and never opposed it successfully. "I promised Miss Baines to see Violet safe home," she said.

"Oh, I'll chaperon—we'll chaperon each other," declared Miss Sweetman, playfully. "Silly children!" returned Mrs. Sweetman, shaking her finger at Violet, who stood very silent in the shadow of the poke bonnet. "Well,—if these gentlemen will undertake to escort you——!"

Captain Masi gallantly volunteered for the duty. And Mr. Jones was obliging enough to say that he didn't mind having a look at the Roman streets by moonlight, being of opinion that it would be "rather fun"—which phrase he uttered with a weighty gravity beyond his years. "Oh! it will be exquisite!" cried Miss Sweetman, clapping her hands. "We'll go through the Forum, and over the Capitol Hill. It will be too lovely!" Mr. Billing, an elderly clergyman, declined to join the walking party, and ensconced himself beneath the carriage rug beside Mrs. Sweetman.

The four pedestrians stood for a moment looking after the carriage as it rolled away, and then Masi unceremoniously placed Violet's arm beneath his own. Miss Sweetman might not have approved this arrangement under other circumstances, but on this occasion it suited her, and she was in high good humour. She took Mr. Jones in tow with decision, and led the way.

"How could you tell such a story?" whispered Violet, as she and Mario stood arm and arm before moving off in Miss Sweetman's wake.

"What story? Oh! about being on duty at the barracks? Well, of course. I was not going to tell that impertinent old lady the truth!"

"But you need not have made up such a story! I was astonished to hear you so easily invent——"

Mario laughed. "*Anitanno!*" said he. "Don't be a little Puritan. If it had not been for me you would have been at this moment in the carriage with Mrs. Sweetman and the Reverend Billing. Perhaps I did wrong to say you wished to walk home?"

"No. At least it was quite true, though I had not said it. Do stay one second! Let me look once more! Let me get the image of it all into my mind, so that I may never forget it. Do you know I used to have a strange feeling about the Coliseum? I always felt depressed when I went to see it. It looked so desolate and worn. And I thought of all the horrible things that have been done there, and the thousands of human beings who used to crowd it, so full of life and strength!—all dead and passed away! And I had a feeling as if it were a fatal place, with a chilly atmosphere of misfortune about it. But now that is all changed. From tonight I shall love every stone of it. The one great good thing of my life has come to me there."

As she stood looking back at the gigantic Amphitheatre, Mario looked at her with an indefinable expression. Then he softly patted the hand which clung to his arm, and murmured, pitying, "*Poveretta!*"

CHAPTER VIII.

BEFORE parting that night Mario had said a word to Violet about keeping their engagement secret. Violet had declared that she must tell her aunt, but would tell no one else; and to this Mario had assented. He would have preferred to keep even Miss Baines out of their confidence for the present, but he yielded to Violet's pleading.

"I am a poor man, *tesoro mio*," he said. "Your family will think you have done ill to promise yourself to me."

"I have no family except Aunt Betsy," she answered. "None, at all events, that I need consider. Aunt Betsy has been mother and father and sister and brother to me all my life. And she will love any one whom I love,—and who loves me."

"Some one might love you who had money as well as love."

"But the some one wouldn't be *you!* So what is the use of imagining it?"

So long as he was under the charm of her presence, and her voice, and her touch, Mario was sufficiently in love to be happy and elated. But as he walked home alone, after leaving her at her own door, sundry thoughts of Boscombosco and poverty intruded themselves like little chill breezes into his glowing mood. But they did not materially lower its temperature. And he fell asleep thinking of Violet's sweet face in the moonlight, of the trusting, tearful smile with which she had told him that she loved him, and of the soft warm clasp of her hand.

Poor Miss Baines's consternation when she heard Violet's news was unspeakable. What should she do? How should she tell Uncle Joshua? And yet how could she dare to keep it from him? And then, in any case it could not be kept secret from him for ever. These considerations presented themselves to Miss Baines's mind over and over again, and she was unable to find a satisfactory answer to them. She was very little more worldly wise than her niece. But she did to some extent recognise the disreputability of having an income to live on; and, not being in love with Captain Masi, she was able to conceive that there might be substantial troubles for the women who should marry that winning and attractive personage. Violet did not shut her eyes to the prospect of their being poor, and of having possibly to resist opposition from Uncle Joshua and others. But she thought her happiness would be cheaply purchased at the cost of such evils as those. The difference between her point of view and her aunt's was, perhaps, rather in appreciating the value of the object to be attained, than in any self-delusion as to the price to be paid for it. In her heart Miss Baines wished that the summons to return to England had come sooner. Then this love story would have remained in the nebulous regions of things that might have been.

Uncle Joshua's letter had been very peremptory, and more than usually ill-natured. He had required his niece Elizabeth's immediate return home, since, if she were well enough to be going about in society "*among a parcel of foreigners*" she had scored this underneath, as if it were a peculiar proof of robust health reprehensibly employed, she must be well enough to come and attend to her natural duties. And he expressed his opinion that Violet had had as much gadding about as was good for her, if not more; and she was bound to think a little "of them that stood in the place of a parent and guardian to her." The letter terminated by a threat very intelligible to Miss Baines: "I have the power, and I have the intentions, to put my grandniece in a comfortable and respectable position for life. And I might not be going out of bounds to say more than that, if I wanted to boast. But my intentions are guided by the strictest principles; and them that don't behave to please me needn't expect to be pleased by me."

Violet had at first been inclined to rebel against this sudden order to return. Why should they be hurried back this peremptorily? It might even be dangerous for her aunt's health to take such a journey in the heart of the winter. And in this suggestion she was perfectly sincere. Cried as it was to herself to leave Rome, her own selfish sorrow was not the only or supreme consideration. But Aunt Betsy had shown unexpected resolution, and had asserted her intention of obeying Mr. Higgins's behest in a manner which, for her, was absolutely stern. She had the courage to oppose Violet's wish in Violet's own interests. It would never do seriously to offend Uncle Joshua. "When I am dead and gone," said Betsy Baines to herself, "my bit of money goes away to distant relations; and I might die any day. And if Uncle Joshua turned his back on her, what would become of my poor lamb?" So Violet had sobbed and submitted, and had made up her mind to go away, and be unhappy in silence. Mario Masi would never know. Perhaps he might even despise her if he knew how weakly she had yielded up her heart before being asked for it.

But now that moonlight night at the Coliseum had changed everything. She was loved! Mario loved her! And so long as he loved her, she had an impervious shield against Fate's arrows. She even forgave Uncle Joshua's imperative summons home.

After she had told her news, Miss Baines dreaded fresh difficulties in the way of their departure. "We shall have to go, all the same, Violet," she had said, looking wistfully at her niece. "We must go."

And Violet answered that "he" would doubtless understand the necessity—that "he" would be the better reconciled to a short separation now that he was sure she was so very fond of him; and that "he" should not be too unhappy appeared to Violet the most essential point in the matter. Miss Baines was naturally less concerned on that score.

When Captain Masi came to see her the day after his declaration to Violet, he was struck by an indefinable change in Miss Baines's demeanour. She was gentle as usual, and not unkind, but there was something watchful and critical in her way of looking at him—a half timid ruffling of her plumes, as of a hen alarmed for her chicken—which he had never seen in her before, and which made him say to himself: "*Per Bacco!* If even a possible aunt-in-law can put on this kind of air, I thank my stars that the trial of an actual mother-in-law is to be spared me!" He had an uneasy sense, as if invisible ligatures were being fastened on him—as if he were being taken possession of. He little guessed how heartily relieved that grim-looking elderly Englishwoman, with the anxious furrow on her forehead, would have been if he had, then and there, taken his leave of her for ever, provided always it could be accomplished without breaking Violet's heart!

Miss Baines's feeling in the whole matter was a little less sympathetic than might have been expected beforehand; considering that she was fond of sentiment in novels and poetry, and cried very easily over a love song. She would even have been ready to shed tears for Captain Masi if he had suffered from a hopeless attachment to Violet. But she had an inarticulate suspicion that Masi was taking it all too lightly; that he accepted at least as much devotion as he gave; and that he did not altogether realise his extraordinary good fortune. Miss Baines had never had any love romance of her own. But her theory on the subject was that the man might—may, might to—fall in love adoringly; but that it was the woman's part rather to let herself be loved with resigned condescension. Now Violet was not at all condescending towards her lover. And the usually gentle, placid Miss Baines felt a jealous irritation at witnessing her humility. Miss Baines had small faith in masculine magnanimity, and she felt serious fears lest Masi might gather an unjustly low estimate of Violet's claims on his devoted admiration, from her frank worship of himself.

This state of mind moved Miss Baines to greater firmness and pugnacity in discussing the engagement with Captain Masi than would have been otherwise possible to her. He and Violet must not consider themselves bound to each other. Their prospects were far too uncertain. And, besides, Uncle Joshua's consent was an indispensible preliminary to a settled engagement. Against this statement Violet softly protested, but Miss Baines held firm. She explained to Captain Masi that Mr. Higgins had it in his power to make Violet comparatively rich, or to leave her without a penny; and that it was clearly necessary to conciliate him. "Besides which, I hope you don't think a young girl owes some duty to her elders, and those who stand in the position of parents to her," said Miss Baines. "And I think it right you should know just how Violet's circumstances stand. Whilst I live she is to me as my own child. But after my death she will have just thirty pounds a year in all the world, unless her grandmother provides for her."

Masi somewhat raised himself in Miss Baines's estimation by the indifference with which he took the assurance of Violet's poverty. He had guessed that she was poor. And however much he might be blamed for rashly yielding to a selfish impulse in telling Violet that he loved her, he had certainly not been prompted by calculations of interest. "I am glad your niece has no fortune," he said. "I am a poor man. But other men find the means of making money, and I say to find them. I will try. I will work."

"But have you nothing at all of your own?" asked Miss Baines, nervously blurting out the question.

"I have a little estate that was my father's, and a house on it. They are worth very little."

"Then I am sure you will all the more agree with me that Violet ought not to be held bound; at all events until you have some plain prospect of being able to marry."

"I would hold no woman bound except by her own will. How can I hold her bound?"

"I mean I think the engagement ought not to be talked about. We ought to keep the secret among ourselves."

To this Masi earnestly assented, and told her that he had already impressed the same thing on Violet last night.

Miss Baines was not without a secret hope that absence would first diminish and then extinguish Masi's passion. As to Violet, Miss Baines saw so very clearly that it was foolish in her to love Masi with such humility and devotion, that it was impossible to believe she would not see it herself sooner or later. Meanwhile the preparations for their departure gave her much to do. She set about endeavouring to find some one who would take the lodgings off her hands for the remainder of the term not yet expired. Her friend Giorgi made himself busy in this service, and assured, by a tacit understanding between him and Miss Baines, the [illegible] of first aide-de-camp and right hand man in general.

Mario and Violet were left pretty much at leisure to make love. The fewness of the days which remained to them for being together, excused Violet in her own eyes for devoting them almost exclusively to Mario. They must part so soon. For his part he needed no excuse for doing what was pleasant. The gadfly devotion of this pure young girl was infinitely attractive. It was so true, and sweet, and innocent, that it seemed to fill his life as with a perfume of fresh flowers. And that was a very delicious moral atmosphere to breathe,—for a time. Without giving himself any account of his own motives, the knowledge that they were speedily to be separated made him throw himself more unreservedly into his part of a betrothed lover. There was no prospect of immediate and irrevocable shackles to check his enjoyment of the position. And his passion for Violet was fed both by being daily in her society and by knowing that he must soon lose it.

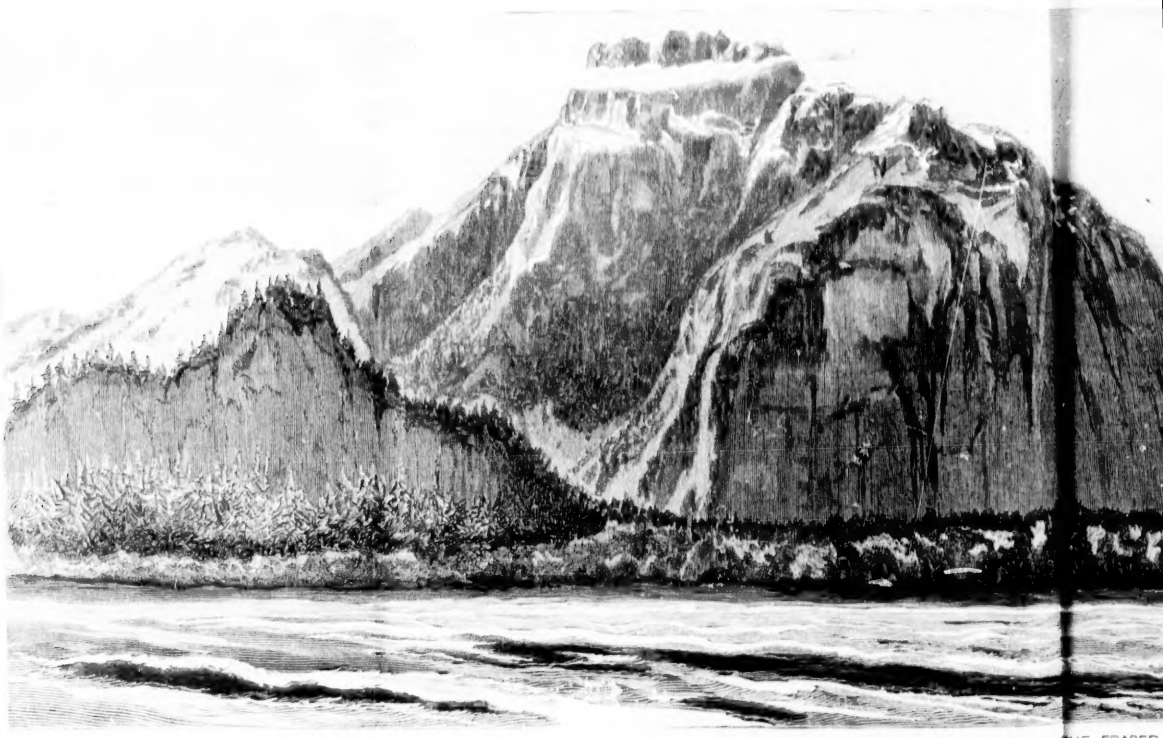
It was fed to the point of causing him seriously to consider what he should or could do in order to make her his wife. If he left the army, which would be a necessary preliminary to marrying a dowerless girl, he must find some means of eking out his patrimonial patrimony.

In those days Gino Peretti was talking loudly amongst the more intimate *habitués* of Casa Guarini about the dazzling advantages of various schemes which he had in hand; and the fortunes to be made by shareholders when—a variety of circumstances should happen which had not yet happened, but were infallibly about to happen. Mario Masi was not insensible to the temptation of the prospect held out by Peretti. That stroke of the harlequin's wand which shall produce something out of nothing has a peculiar seductiveness for certain temperaments. And there were some childish traits in Masi which made him an easy subject for that sort of mental mirage. It came naturally to him to believe in some special combination of circumstances which should give him exactly whatever he wanted. His credulity did not extend to dogmas which implied restraining rules of conduct; but it was wide and easy for superstitions and hopeful chances.

(*To be continued.*)

FOREST FIRES IN THE UNITED STATES have been so frequent and serious of late as to materially endanger the future of the timber supply, and the State Boards of Agriculture are beginning to discuss the evil and its prevention. Not only do these fires actually destroy a vast amount of saleable timber, but the charred soil lies waste for years before recovering its capacity to produce another growth. This is particularly the case, according to the *American Architect*, with the white pine forests—the most valuable kind of Transatlantic timber. The first vegetation which appears on the scorched surface is the "fire-weed," which will germinate in the poorest ground, then as successive growths of this weed decay and vegetable mould accumulates, raspberry and blackberry vines spring up from seeds brought by birds. Then come the birches and mountain cherry trees, sheltered at first by the shade of the shrubs, and these, though only short-lived trees, serve to protect the ground. Oaks and maples succeed, and the annual fall of their leaves enriches the soil until within fifty to a hundred years after the burning the land again becomes fitted to produce the original white pine, for which, however, the land must be cleared with the axe and subjected to cultivation. The chief causes of fires are the sparks from locomotives falling among the trees, and the carelessness of hunters and charcoal or brush-burners.

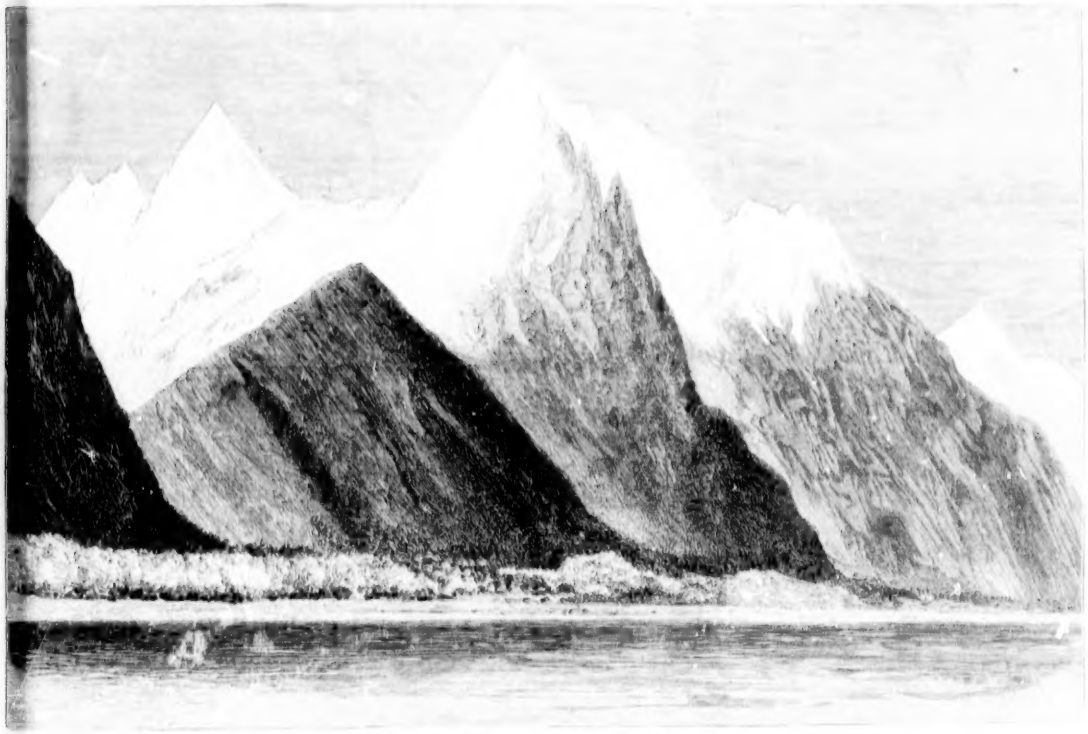
THE FOUR SISTERS AND A REACH OF THE FRASER RIVER



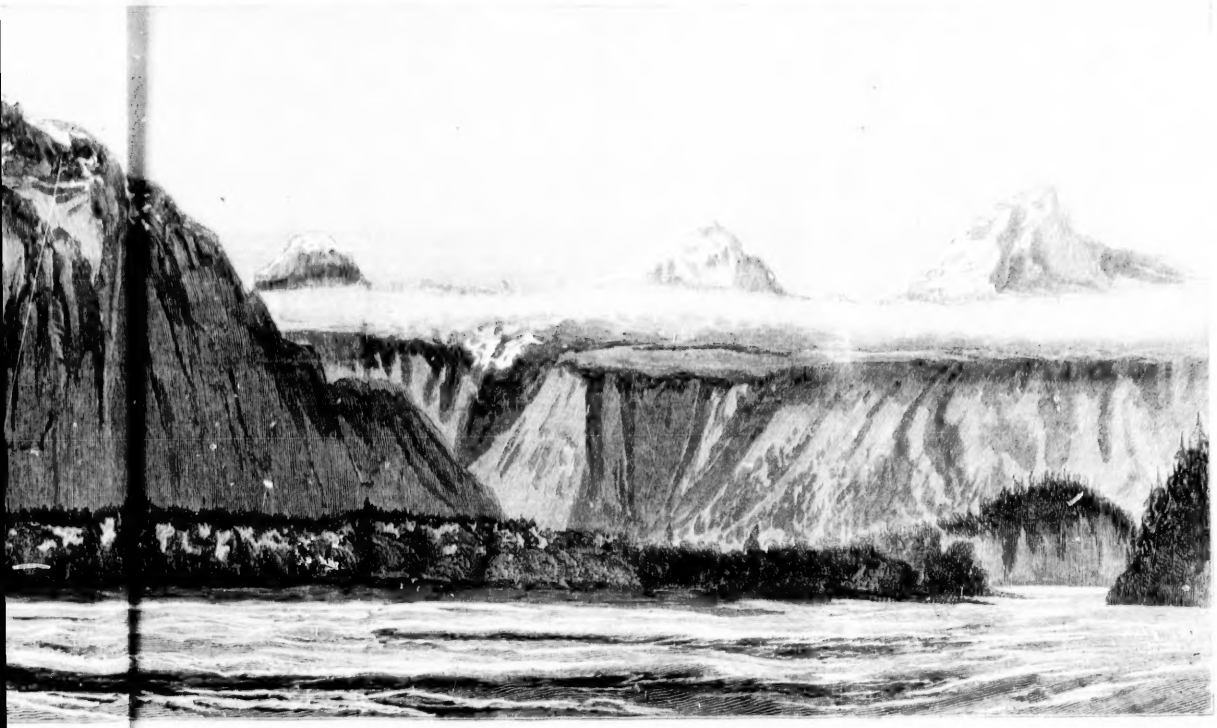
MOUNT HOPE, ON THE FRASER

THE TOUR OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE

FROM SKETCHES BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORN



THE PEAKS OF THE FOUR SISTERS



OUNT HOPE, ON THE FRASER RIVER

S LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE

CY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T., GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

THE READER

"SIBERIA IN ASIA," by Henry Seebohm (Murray). Nearly five [illegible] elapsed since Mr. Seebohm's journey was made; and it [illegible] ever so long an interval, a narrative of travel remains [illegible] as this does. Like "Siberia in Europe," it is in the main the journal of an ornithologist. At starting a mistake was made in going too far north before the migration of birds had properly com[illegible] was compelled to return pretty much by the [illegible] which he had reached his hunting-grounds. This [illegible] however, turned out very much in his favour; for, [illegible] many disappointments, he was at last rewarded with success, [illegible] eggs, of which [illegible] examples existed in any known collection." The chapter on [illegible] containing as it does many [illegible] subject that is little understood, [illegible] to show that birds [illegible] that the migration [illegible] made indiscriminately: all migratory birds [illegible] the tracks of [illegible] sometimes to cross each [illegible] Another point, too, upon which Mr. [illegible] of climatic [illegible] The birds of Siberia [illegible] for the most part, varieties of [illegible] warmer latitudes modifications, indeed, produced by [illegible] It is not altogether for its [illegible] the volume is acceptable: it [illegible] about the country, its people, [illegible] In this respect, perhaps, it is chiefly interesting in [illegible] we have heard from previous travellers. Drunkenness is the peasant's great vice, accompanied with the [illegible] Church—or, at least, [illegible] holiday-making) of idleness. This, of course, is the exact converse of the conduct of the Moslems: [illegible] Tartars are found living in cleanliness and [illegible] who drag out a [illegible] of wretchedness. The c[illegible] with startling and [illegible] An account of one Von Gazenkampf, local [illegible] Tooroshansk, is at once amusing and significant: he [illegible] Russian ever [illegible] writer and that is [illegible] The illustrations (wood engravings) are [illegible] But the book, as a whole, is very well got up; [illegible] as anything [illegible] we have read for a long, long time.

[illegible] "A Royal Warren" [illegible]

[illegible] Apart from faults of this nature, [illegible]

[illegible] world air. Such a [illegible]

[illegible] They are [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Lewis F. Day has [illegible]

[illegible] Handsomely bound in a volume [illegible]

[illegible] Babies," how it was quoted [illegible] "A [illegible] Hays), will meet with so great success [illegible] but it will [illegible]

[illegible] Crimea" have been noticed at length in these [illegible] as they have from time to time been issued to the public. [illegible] to the seventh volume of the Cabinet Edition [illegible] which Mr. Kinglake contrasts the conduct of the recent [illegible]

[illegible] The [illegible] Edinburgh Reviewer, who criticised one of the earlier volumes of "The Invasion of the Crimea." We have to note the thirteenth issue of "The Clergy Directory," 1883 (Thomas Bosworth and Co.), a volume of often proved usefulness.

Strange as it may sound, we have found "Notes from Sick Rooms," by Mrs. Leslie Stephen (Smith, Elder, and Co.) very delightful reading. There is so much sense and instruction, so much observation and womanliness in this little book, that one would almost willingly be ill to be nursed by such a charming person as she would be who had mastered all Mrs. Stephen's lessons. The contents of this book should be learnt by heart by every sick-nurse.—There is no doubt that "A Guide to the Medical Profession," by Edwin Wooton (L. Upcott Gill), is a work of much practical utility. It treats of medical schools all over the world, and its information will often be of use to the public as well as to medical men, though by the latter it will, of course, be specially prized. Much pains have been taken to render the volume complete and exact.—A doubt has been raised as to whether "How I [illegible] [illegible] account of the famous theft of the old Eton whipping block, and is the "Old Etonian" is not likely [illegible] question will probably remain unsettled. But whether true or not, all old Etonians will grin over the [illegible] "C'est, au moins, très curieux," said Miss Rosa Baughan, [illegible] she was shown by a [illegible] Frenchmen [illegible] the theories of palmistry [illegible] in her pamphlet, "The [illegible] Miss Baughan does not pretend that palmistry is any[illegible] than "au moins, très curieux." The terminology of this [illegible] science, its "lines of life," "mounts of Mercury," and "[illegible] Venus," is but sorry jargon. But such as it is, the [illegible] explains it fully, and it possesses a certain literary interest [illegible] Miss Baughan shows the [illegible]

"Who's Who in 1883" (A. H. Baily and Co.), maintains its pre-eminence as the handiest book of reference to titled and professional people. It is corrected and revised up to 24th of December, 1882, and contains mention of all the promotions and rewards in connection with the recent military operations in Egypt.

"The Peerage and Baronetage for 1883," by Joseph Foster (Nichols and Sons, Chapman and Hall), is before us. The work is as complete and scholarly as in former years. Among other alterations we may notice that, in obedience [illegible] to the protests of Mr. Freeman, the "lineages" of some of the peers of long pedigrees are amended, "with a view to render them more trustworthy and historical." The Baronetage has been carefully revised, and Mr. Foster may fairly be satisfied with his excellent year's work. The preface, with its protests against the admission of the claims of *soi-disant* baronets, and its criticism of the Lyon Office of Scotland, is full of interest. The [illegible] armorial bearings are, as usual, a [illegible] We have received Volume XXIX. of "The Shipwrecked Mariner" (George Morrish, Paternoster Square), the organ of the Shipwrecked Fishermen and [illegible]

"The Australian Handbook, 1883" [illegible] and Gotch: London, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Business, Money, and [illegible] (Scandon, [illegible])

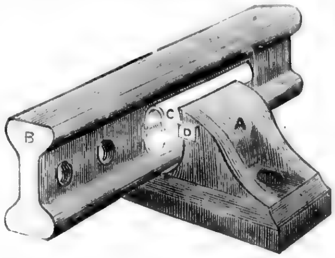
SCIENTIFIC NOTES

[illegible] to Mr. Eckwell, of Hull, for an invention [illegible] the shipping interest. It [illegible] of a vessel [illegible] course actually steered. The simplicity of the arrangement is its best recommendation. A [illegible] covered with sensitive (photographic) [illegible] of light let in through an [illegible] in the compass card above it [illegible] how long a time a particular course was adhered to. The time [illegible] pilot to come on board, or for any [illegible] the record is made at night as well as during the day. [illegible] our readers how many inquiries have arisen at [illegible] a knowledge of the particular course steered by [illegible] a matter of great moment to the owners. This invention will obviate such a difficulty, for the owner will have it in [illegible] daily chart of the course steered for the whole [illegible]

The terrible number of fatal fires which have lately occurred have caused people to ask whether some more ready appliance than the [illegible] fire-escape can be made available in case of sudden outbreak. [illegible] Jenkins reminds us that two years ago he made a suggestion, which, if carried out, would go far towards solving the problem. He suggests that one or more ropes, with swivels attached, should be kept in readiness in every household. The swivel is intended to fasten [illegible] in every room [illegible] the window. Each rope should have upon it a few leather rings for [illegible] The rope [illegible] rope is not a thing to easily inflame. The suggestion is most certainly [illegible]

The usual manner of securing rails on railways to the chairs upon which they rest, is by the insertion of a wooden block, or key, which is hammered in until it fills up the space between the two pieces of ironwork, and holds the rail tightly in its place. Owing to the vibration of the rails when a train passes, and also to the effects of the weather, these wooden keys often become loose; indeed, it is a common occurrence to see men inspecting their condition, and urging them in with a long-handled hammer. A new form of metal key has just been introduced with a view to effect a more permanent and safer grip upon the rail, and the annexed diagram will explain its nature.

A is the ordinary chair, B the rail which it supports, and C the new key. This key is of tubular shape, slotted from end to end, and having a tongue D which can be bent over against the chair, as shown. We do not know the cost of this key; but suppose that, as it is made of iron or steel, it must certainly be far more expensive



than the wooden blocks it is intended to supersede. Unfortunately, however meritorious an invention may be, and although it may distinctly promise increased safety to life and limb, its cost is the point which decides its general adoption, or the reverse. The inventor is Mr. H. B. Moreton, of Cardiff.

The [illegible] Canal Company have decided to expend a sum of money, not far short of one million sterling, in works which will greatly enhance the value of their property. These works [illegible] a new dock at Port Said, the widening of the Canal where it crosses the Bitter Lakes, and the creation of new sidings, or [illegible] The works will cover a period of several years, and are estimated so to increase the traffic capacity that it will be nearly doubled. When these works are complete, the question of constructing another canal, so as to make an up and down channel for traffic, will be taken into serious consideration.

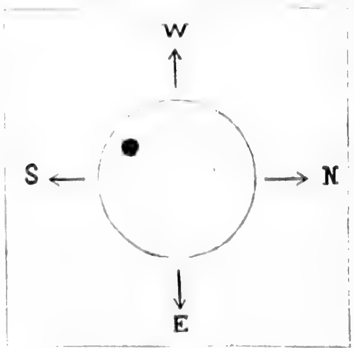
Many years ago the great French experimenter, Becquerel, discovered that an electric current was generated when carbon was plunged into fused saltpetre. Dr. Brand, of La Rochelle, acting upon this knowledge, has constructed an [illegible] rative torch or candle, consisting of a mixture of carbon and [illegible] stick by the addition of molasses. This rod is then covered with sheet asbestos, and is dipped into melted nitre, as an ordinary tallow candle is dipped into melted fat, until [illegible] with the carbon [illegible]

Dr. Alexander Mayer has proposed a novel system of burial, [illegible] present state in the way of cremation, he claims to possess [illegible] receptacle, and to replace it with carbonic acid, or some other gas of antiseptic properties. By these means the body would be preserved as well as if it had been embalmed, and burial could be deferred, if required, for any period. The plan is ingenious, and [illegible] certain cases prove to be very useful. But most of us think [illegible] process which delays the transition of the body to its [illegible] a mistake.

The Admiralty authorities have recently tested three [illegible] *extincteur*, which depends for its "throw" upon the pressure produced by the carbonic acid formed within it by chemical means, and the other two contained a store of compressed air, which threw out the water [illegible] The trials [illegible] for although the *extincteur* succeeded in quenching its bonfire of [illegible] more effectually than the other two, its water [illegible] *extincteur* certainly has the advantage of being self-contained. It needs no charging with compressed air, for the touch of a knob brings the chemicals into immediate action, without further outside help. T. C. H.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS

THIS remarkable phenomenon, which took place on December 6th last, and which will not occur again until all the animal life now on the globe has long ceased to exist, was observed very favourably in



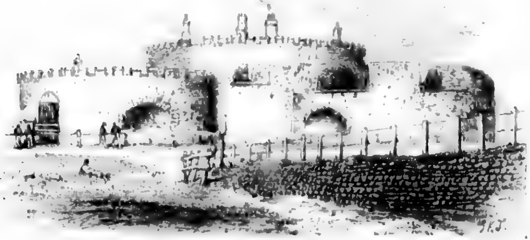
The Transit of Venus as Seen from the Top of the Drakensberg Mountains, South Africa

South Africa. At Durban there was a cloudless sky, and the view from the observatory was almost perfect. The observations at Cape Town and Wellington were also very successful. Our diagram shows the transit as seen through a smoked glass on the top of the

Drakensberg Mountains, by Mr. Arthur Pattison, of Fort Hartley. The Drakensberg range forms the boundary between Natal and Basutoland. Some of the mountains are over 9,000 feet high, and here several of the largest rivers of South Africa take their source.

SANDOWN CASTLE

SANDOWN CASTLE, near Deal, now being demolished, affords a remarkable proof of the solid building of our forefathers as compared to the swiftly run up constructions of the present day. It was thought that the old fortress would be pulled down with the greatest [illegible], but, much to every one's surprise, the stones are so firmly embedded in cement, even stronger than the stones themselves, that the mason's pick is no use whatever, and blasting has been adopted. A considerable portion of the work is done, and as the Castle is of historical interest the materials are being taken to Dover Castle,



The Castle—West View

where, by the suggestion of the Archæological Society, they will be [illegible] to construct a residence for the General commanding the S.E. District, the house being built at Constable's Tower, near the old entrance of Dover Castle.

The castle was originally built in 1539 by Henry VIII., and its stone walls towards the sea are twenty feet thick. It was originally surrounded by a moat, but the encroachments of the sea have removed all traces, and the waves now wash the castle walls. The castle appears to have been in a bad way for upwards of two

[illegible] East View

centuries, as [illegible] Parliamentary [illegible] [illegible] within [illegible] says Mrs. [illegible] [illegible] every tide washed the [illegible] [illegible] at Deal and Walmer, erected by [illegible] King Henry [illegible] [illegible] and consisted of an immense round tower in the centre, [illegible] with four lunettes or semicircular outworks, the whole being surrounded by a deep fosse, and having additional defences

The Ruins—North-East View

and batteries towards the sea. The entrance was by a drawbridge and a gate on the land side. In the lower part of the central tower was a large bomb-proof vaulted apartment for the use of the garrison. Up to the time of its demolition the castle was under the command of a captain and lieutenant, who were subordinate to the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.—Our engravings are from photographs by E. L. Bridge, Deal.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MR. EDWIN ARNOLD seems to have devoted himself to the task, for which no living poet was better fitted, of expounding for British readers, through the medium of verse, the peculiarities of those principal forms of religion which prevail in Oriental countries. Hindu theology inspired his "Indian Song of Songs;" in that [illegible] poem, "The Light of Asia," the life and teaching of the semi-mythical Gautama afforded the subject matter; and now the author puts forward what may be regarded as a plea for Islam in "Pearls of the Faith, or Islam's Rosary" (Trubner), thus completing the trilogy as originally designed. The Mahommedan rite which forms the basis of the idea is sufficiently explained in the preface, and need not here be dwelt upon; but the commemoration of the "ninety-nine beautiful Names of Allah" is supposed to be the work of an Indian Mussulman, each title being illustrated either by a metrical version of some portion of the Koran, or by a legend [illegible] upon the special attribute of the Creator thereby commemorated. It is not impossible that the work may suffer from the surpassing beauty of its immediate forerunner, but we must own to a feeling of disappointment in the result; [illegible], also, the subject is in itself less [illegible]ally attractive; however it may be, the fact remains that "Pearls of the Faith" is, as a whole, a trifle dull. The same judgment, it may be added, has been passed on the Koran itself by many who have attempted its perusal in an English dress, and have finished with the decision that the translator's notes are by far the most interesting portion of the work. Added to this Mr. Arnold has hardly done justice to [illegible] great poetical gifts; the metres selected are not always consonant with the genius of English verse, and are at [illegible] even awkward, [illegible] the musical ear demands a more frequently-recurring rhyme, and in one or two the supposed rhyme is one to the [illegible]ly, more especially is this the case [illegible] couplets which introduce and close each section. Still, there are of course [illegible] fine passages, and the world is the richer by some noble poetry; foremost amongst the most effective pieces may be placed "The Angel of Death," "Abraham's Bread," and "The Rose Garden," although in this last-named we fail to discover the special bearing of the lyric, sweet as it is, upon the title Al-Jamil, *i.e.*, "The Benign." Two things will particularly strike the student, viz., the extent to which the Prophet of Islam availed himself of Judaic and Christian teaching, and even probably of popular folk lore, and the singular coincidence—which may arise from this last-named use—between some of the legends here related [illegible] Western hands. To select a few examples: it is impossible to overlook [illegible] with that of Damon and Pythias; in "Omar the Jew" [illegible] legend of the monk and [illegible] [illegible] versification [illegible] poem, [illegible] whilst in "Abu [illegible]" [illegible] we have at least [illegible] the beautiful, if mythical, legend [illegible] Elizabeth of Hungary. For the [illegible] section No. 57 is a direct [illegible] New Testament doctrine, and [illegible] No. 48 is set forth the awful [illegible] mystery of the Beatific Vision [illegible] the way, and not to [illegible] [illegible]. The book will repay perusal, [illegible] screen, [illegible] one.

[illegible], though of a different [illegible] Zimmern [illegible] [illegible] executed [illegible] [illegible] It is in effect a [illegible] successful attempt to [illegible] in an English prose [illegible] the Persian [illegible], the "Shah Nameh," and these tales of Eastern chivalry deserve to be shortly as familiar [illegible] who have [illegible] as they have for centuries been to the humblest [illegible] land. [illegible] example, [illegible] suggestive, than what may be [illegible] [illegible], in an age when people are to be [illegible] think it a sign of mental [illegible] "Thalaba," it is [illegible] appreciative [illegible] be more select than numerous [illegible] even modern dilettanti [illegible] that sad, wild episode [illegible] Mr. Matthew Arnold has [illegible] version, viz., "Rustum and Sohrab," most pitiful of [illegible] romances, saving our national one of "Balin and Balan." Miss Zimmern, [illegible] her [illegible] the French version of Professor Mohl, has carried [illegible] purpose with considerable spirit, and, with a quick appreciation of the special requirements of the case, elected to present her version in, to use her own words, "the simple language of the age of Shakespeare and the English Bible." Personally we should have preferred fifteenth-century English, as being not only simpler and purer, but more generally associated with romance; but the attempt, though not altogether successful, is praiseworthy, and a move in the right direction. We submit to Miss Zimmern that such a phrase as "you would have said," would have been unknown to the period she has chosen; and that at no known period in English literature could such expressions as "neither did they *wot*," or "his heart was *molte*," pass muster even as decent grammar,—might we suggest as an emendation of the former, "neither wist they?" The charm of the volume is enhanced by two etchings by Mr. Alma Tadema, of which the frontispiece, representing the shot of Prince Zal, is the finer. Mr. E. W. Gosse also furnishes an introductory poem of so much power and beauty as to encourage a hope that the expect[illegible] his first volume may yet be [illegible].

An unusually fine piece, whether considered from a poetic or a dramatic point of view, is "In a Day: a Drama," by Augusta Webster (Kegan Paul). The author has so thoroughly established her reputation as one of the most thoughtful and musical of the minor poets of our time that it is almost superfluous t[illegible] the excellence of both blank verse and lyrics in this n[illegible] tragedies. It turns upon the hideous Roman law by w[illegible] testimony in a court of justice was legal evidence only when g[illegible] under the influence of torture. Myron, a wealthy young [illegible] on the eve of manumitting and then wedding his slave Kl[illegible]; when, at the eleventh hour, his purposes are defeated by a [illegible] charge of conspiracy brought before an avaricious judge w[illegible] eye to his own profit. For a while the hero contrives, by [illegible] prompt and manly action, to baffle his accusers; but, since his fate still hangs in the balance, his former pedagogue Olynmios, father of Klydone, secretly determines to offer himse[illegible] and to submit to the terrible ordeal whereby his beloved [illegible] saved. Klydone, trusting in the might of her love, volunteers to share her father's self-sacrifice; overcome by [illegible] weak flesh masters the willing spirit, and her frenzied a[illegible] seal her lover's doom. The climax of the play touches a very [illegible] point, when the despairing girl creeps home in agony of self-abasement to find herself clasped to Myron's heart, and to be his bride in death. That death scene to the sound of [illegible] quaint love song is as fine [illegible] [illegible] idea of this fine work, but attention must be specially drawn to [illegible] following passages, viz.: Klydone's prayer in Act II., beginning "All Gods in Heaven," the speech of Olynmios, "What is a slave, Euphro[illegible]?" and, above all, the last scene of the play. Is there no hope of seeing this noble drama on the stage? [illegible] Klydone would be characters at least as effective as Py[illegible] Galatea, for instance; and we believe this would be a [illegible] acting play.

"The Book of Songs," by Heinrich H[illegible] [illegible] H. Alex[illegible] [illegible] good attempt at a vernacular rendering of the sweetest and sa[illegible] of modern lyrists. We still hold to our often given [illegible] only in the so-called Lowland Scots can any adequate [illegible] given of Teutonic songs and ballads, but recognise to the full worth of "Strathen's" renderings—evidently a labour of sympa[illegible] love. Strangely enough, one of the best is the version of "Die Jungfrau schläft in der Kammer," which has something of the creepiness of the original—though that utterly untr[illegible] verse is, of course, a stumbling [illegible].

It may be supposed that mos[illegible] of Humanity and Progress," by John T. Markley [illegible] H. Holloway, first saw the light in the columns of the p[illegible] press; they are of about the average standard of [illegible] productions. The most ambitious piece is a satire—not wholly without cause—on the vices and follies of the day; only we should have supposed that some of the [illegible] would have been over [illegible] intended. It w[illegible] [illegible] Shakespeare [illegible] which, if verses are w[illegible] public at all, they should surely be worth the amount of [illegible] [illegible]

A pretty [illegible] children, by "Annie" (Dean and Son). The story is simple, and the [illegible] point. This is far superior [illegible]

In "Heart Harmonies: Poems, Songs, and S[illegible]" Edward [illegible] [illegible] met with many of the same ideas better expressed elsewhere. [illegible] "Major and Minor" must have been modelled either upon W[illegible] Whitman, or on Hood's "Lost Child;" some of [illegible] are eccentric,—we never knew before [illegible] "chough" the equivalent [illegible] word be pronounced "[illegible]" but this is not all; we learn [illegible] left in a state [illegible] wildest bewild[illegible]

[illegible]

Why did the judge sever the unlucky ghost? [illegible] which expected to enliven the avenger's weariness [illegible]

As for "Qualte and Feedia, and Other Poems," by William Frederick Stevenson (Elliott Stock), we are still [illegible] it is meant as a rather heavy burlesque of unintel[illegible] or in sad earnest. The [illegible] Doubt and Hope, the latter of which personifications incidentally remarks

[illegible]
And wing the poor, o'er w[illegible]

After perusing this carefully, trying to parse it [illegible] giving up either attempt in despair, we read hopeful[illegible] be stunned by the following dark saying on the [illegible] antagonist:—

[illegible]

Laura Matilda and the "Person of Quality" seemed [illegible] yet we read on. But, alas, when Qealte the cave-dwe[illegible] he only darkened the mystery by his utterances [illegible] visitor from town was still more hazy, and Feeda [illegible] the superlative degree. But all three agreed in [illegible] being unintelligible to ordinary mortals, and in [illegible] the worst blank verse that ever was written. We will give [illegible] typical passage in justification of our assertions:—

Entering the fair [illegible] and the va[illegible]
Behold a light does quiver [illegible]
The few song birds who sleep [illegible]
A music has descendance, and a cry.
"Impel, ye star d[illegible]
Rolls and e[illegible]
Rolls and echoes o'er the lulled h[illegible]
Casts forth an echo to the echoing.

It would be hard to decide whether this recalls more forcibly the speech of the lady in the wig who visited the Mother of the Modern Gracchi, or that famous passage from *Chrononhotonthologos*, "Go, call a coach, and let a coach be called," &c. Of the shorter pieces

THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE

INDIANS AT LAKE OKANAGAN

THE TOUR OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE

FROM SKETCHES BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T., GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

we will only advise our readers who wish to judge for themselves to read "It is the night," and try to make sense of it; it is not a long poem, so we may as well quote it entire:

It is the night, the mockless night,
The spiendour o'er the life consume,
Of mundane things enfluctuant,
A flit is aught, as we assume.

Of mundane things, of the grotesque
Heavenly things seem natural, are
The love, the power, and life to us;
Alters from pain and sorrow far

Notwithstanding its rather questionable taste, and an entire absence of any true sense of humour, it may be granted that "Lays of the Saintly: or, the New Golden Legend," by Walter Parke (Vizetelly), shows much facility in turning a verse, and some talent for parody—the burlesque of "Dolores" is rather clever in its way. But few Englishmen will care to see the martyrdom of Edmund of East Anglia turned into a quasi-comic burlesque of the Poet Laureate: whilst no poetic mind, to leave reverence out of the question, will admire such a version of the exquisite legend of St. Beatrice, immortalised by Miss Proctor, or of that of St. Catherine of Sienna: Mr. Parke's attempted exculpation of himself from a probable charge of profanity in respect of this last-named is futile—the "best authorities" behind whom he attempts to shelter himself certainly mention the legendary miracle in question, but they do not make it a subject for doggrel rhymes, or attempt to get fun out of it. The preface is peculiar; it is not easy to understand why the author should suppose that *Roman* Catholics only were likely to be scandalised, but it would, doubtless, gratify the saints to know that even a gentleman glorying in that "nineteenth-century knowledge" by which he sets so much store, can afford patronisingly to admit that they were "doubtless most meritorious personages." By the bye, we were not previously aware that Longfellow invented English hexameters—certainly Gabriel Harvey, and some others who ought to have known better, wrote them.

New Novels

"MR. ISAACS," A Tale of Modern India, by F. Marion Crawford (Macmillan and Co.), is a really curious volume, and with some originality both in matter and manner. There is no want of internal evidence that it is of American authorship, if only in its conventionally American views of English character and manners, upon which its claims to originality certainly do not depend. It may be taken as in some sense a result of that modern sympathy with Buddhism which seems likely to forge a link between far Eastern philosophy and far Western mysticism. Mr. Isaacs is not a Jew, as his name suggests, but a pure Persian Aryan, a pious Mussulman, and an idealised type of masculine intellect and beauty. Having obtained all the earthly pleasure that is open to a man of virtue and honour, he is promoted from the experience of sense to the experience of the heart, in the form of a perfect love; and thence, through the death of the woman he loves, to the higher experience of the soul. He is guided through the first stage by either himself, or by his star; through the second, by unselfish love and friendship; and is introduced into the third by a Hindoo adept in some unexplained mysteries which we are to suppose transcend even the laws of nature. All this mysticism is oddly, and it must be said effectively, mixed with the details of Anglo-Indian life, including tiger hunting and polo playing. That the author holds, or wishes to illustrate, some esoteric form of belief is likely, though it is occasionally questionable how far the mysticism may not be intended for mystification. In any case "Mr. Isaacs" is often exceedingly suggestive, and still more often amusing; and it will be found a really pleasant occupation to distinguish between the irony and the serious speculation which cross one another throughout the story.

Leader Scott (Mrs. Baxter), in "Messer Agnolo's Household," a "Cinque Cento" Florentine Story (1 vol.: Longmans, Green, and Co.), has succeeded in describing the principal features of public and private life in the Florence of the Medici by means of a sufficiently interesting story. The instruction, in the matters both of amount and of accuracy, to be obtained from his pages is unquestionably excellent; and it is therefore all the more to be regretted that the author has not rendered it more effective from a popular point of view. It was the one defect in George Eliot's "Romola," dealing with the same city at a scarcely later period, that it betrayed too much of the processes intended to give it realistic perfection. "Messer Agnolo's Household" is marked by the historical virtue which becomes a fault in fiction. The plot is too obviously laid out in order to introduce particular incidents and people, and to compress as much of the author's knowledge as the limits allow. The one right course for a novelist is to use his knowledge for the purposes of colour only, and for the avoidance of incongruities and errors. Otherwise, human interest is apt to be buried out of sight altogether; and this is very nearly indeed happening in the case of the story before us. As an easy handbook to the constitution of the Florentine Republic, it is altogether excellent; but it is impossible to care for any of the characters—in many cases difficult even to distinguish them. Even the historical personages, like Lorenzo himself, are scarcely more than names.

"A Girl's Destiny," A Love Story, by E. C. Clayton (Mrs. Needham) (3 vols.: Tinsley Brothers), is constructed and executed with more slightness than the nature of the plot, which is somewhat complex, demands; but this is preferable to the more common fault of over-elaboration, and the result is decidedly interesting. The fault of sketchiness leaves the many remarkable coincidences of the story in the condition of crude improbability: and this is the more to be regretted since a very little care could at any rate have removed every appearance of unlikelihood. When this objection, however, has been taken, nothing remains but praise for the skilful manner in which Mrs. Needham has turned to account her characters and situations. Without attempting to make the most of them, she has succeeded in making enough of them to attain what ought to be, after all, a novelist's first and last purpose, whatever others may intervene—to interest honestly. The characters have plenty of life, and are well contrasted. The style is capable of improvement, but on the whole the novel is distinctly above the average.

Akin to the last mentioned novel in slightness of form and excellence of tone is "Mary St. John," by Rosa Nouchette Carey (3 vols.: Bentley and Son). This is a story of self-sacrifice which, being barren and wasted, has to find its reward in its own nobility. Indeed some of the results, such as the death beds of no fewer than four children, are of a nature to make the reader feel that the self-sacrifice was something more than thrown away—we are not sure that such incidents do not to a certain extent injure the moral intended to be conveyed. There is, however, no other failure of poetical justice at the close. Many of the portraits, or rather outlines, of character are excellent, and imply considerable power of observation, and a certain freshness of atmosphere is obtained from laying much of the action in a retired corner of Belgium. The general colouring of the story is sad and sentimental, but it is never otherwise than perfectly wholesome, and is not only likely to benefit young readers, but also to attract and interest them—which is even a more difficult matter to ensure than in the case of their elders. The novel is well-nigh irreproachable so far as positive faults are concerned, and it very successfully reaches the unambitious level at which it aims.

PLOVERS

WHAT would become of the lad who has returned home for the Christmas holidays, or the clerk who snatches a few days in the winter to visit country relations, were there no plovers to be shot? Fieldfares and redwings form but a poor substitute; ducks are not always, especially in mild weather, to be found on the streams. But in late autumn and during winter great flocks of green plover (or lapwings) will be seen on most low-lying lands in many parts of the country. Independently of these at times, and at times among or on their flanks, occur small parties of golden plover. These birds are invaluable to the man who, without the expense of taking out a game license for the few days which are all, it may hap, that he can spend in the country, yet desires to have a little shooting. They are crafty and suspicious, and must frequently be stalked with considerable caution by the gunner, so that he gets a good deal of excitement, flavoured, it may be, by not a little disappointment, as the flock rises almost at the last moment of this stalk, yet quite out of shot. They are excellent eating, too, when shot, and can be given away to friends, who will appreciate the dainty only a little less than game. What is more, it requires in many cases a good shot to stop a golden plover when it has got the wind well in its wings. Such a bird does not fall so easily as a fieldfare. Again, the pursuit of plover takes a man into lonely places, and needs no little exertion and activity. It is not, therefore, astonishing that it is a popular sport in the country.

If any one wishes for good plover-shooting in England let him seek the East Anglian seaboard. There he will find in suitable seasons abundance of the three kinds most sought after. Indeed, a comical story is told of an Evangelical clergyman coming for the first time to a living in Lincolnshire, and expressing a hope to the chief farmer of the parish "that there were no Puseyites in it." The answer filled him with horror. "Bless 'ee, sir! at times the fields be white over with 'em!" Here it should be explained that the common Lincolnshire name for lapwings is "pyewipes," to which the unsophisticated countryman thought that the new Rector was alluding. Although there are several sorts of plover more or less rare in England, the dotterel, the Kentish plover, which is really a Mediterranean bird, and the little ringed plover, as well as others which are too small to be much sought after, such as the ringed plover, the turnstone, and the like, three species only as a general rule are in any request with the gunner, the golden plover, the grey, and the lapwing, or green plover.

The golden plover in the gastronomist's opinion is almost, if not quite, the best bird that flies in Britain. These birds are mainly known to sportsmen only in winter, when they are found in companies of larger or smaller size. In spring they quit the south and east of England for breeding places in the Scotch and other northern mountains, and pair, instead of leading a communistic life; but with autumn they once more gather into companies and migrate south, at which time they will be found in moist pastures, heaths, and reclaimed marsh-land. From their appearing in France during the rainy season they have obtained their name of *pluviers*. The rustic still deems their coming the harbinger of wet and storms. They do not fly in such large flocks as the lapwings, from three to thirty being the usual number seen together. The cry of the golden plover is peculiarly wild and plaintive, harmonising with the lonely localities in which it is found. At night it is especially mournful as it wings its way with an occasional wild whistle over the belated traveller.

There let the wind sweep and the plover cry,

says the Laureate of a deserted grave. Every plan is resorted to when a company of these birds is seen, but hardly any bird is so wary and suspicious. When stalking or approaching it under cover of a thick hedge it is very seldom that it waits to allow the sportsman to get a shot. The best method, then, is to practice concealment while another person goes round and puts up the birds, endeavouring to drive the little flock in the direction of the gunner. It is fond of seaside marshes, especially in severe weather. Should the flock fly near, but not sufficiently low enough for a shot, on firing one barrel the flock will often dip down in their flight, when one or two may be obtained by the sportsman who knows of this plan. The dissimilarity of the golden plover's plumage in summer and winter is very striking. Both grey and golden plover, while breeding, change their breast feathers from white or whitish-grey to deep black. Professional fowlers sometimes lure the golden plover to them by tethering a little dog to a post. Its antics seem to fascinate the golden plover, which is then shot. A cheerfully-minded dog of this kind is a regular portion of the decoyman's stock-in-trade. His decoy ducks are usual, but this is simply invaluable; the ducks bring the wild fowl near the "pipe;" the little playful dog lures them up it.

The grey plover is only seen on our shores in winter in its grey and white plumage. It occurs in even smaller parties than its golden brother; is more shy, though more sociable, as far as other birds are concerned, and habitually joins any other kind of bird which it sees enjoying a good feeding ground. Being a cosmopolite, it has been found in India, South Africa, the Malay Archipelago, and even South America. Mr. Seebohm gives a good account of finding the grey plover's nest and eggs along with Mr. Harvie Brown on the Siberian "tundras," near the Petchora River, above the limit of forest growth. Even there, however, it seems very local in its distribution, and is extremely wary. As the male and female birds fluttered over their nest, a mere hole scraped in the moss-land, among clouds of mosquitos, the former ornithologist noticed the long plaintive whistle, like "klee" or "kleep," which forms the call-note of the species. When alarmed the birds used another note, like "kop," and we may complete the picture which these accomplished ornithologists give of the grey plover in its northern seclusion, by the following quaint translation: "If I wanted to make a free translation from Ploverski into English, I should say that *klee* means 'Hallo! old fellow!' and *kop* means 'Mind what you are about!'" ("Siberia in Europe:" Murray, 1880, p. 223). It is always something of a prize for a sportsman to obtain a specimen of the grey plover from the British sea-shores. Occasionally it flies inland, and Mr. Harting has killed them in East Anglian marshes twenty miles from the sea.

The lapwing, after all, forms the staple of a man's sport when plover-shooting. Every country dweller knows the heavily-flapping bird calling "pee-weet!" and, when it condescends to alight, standing delicately on one foot, with dainty green and purple plumage and black crest. It breeds with us, but is partially migratory, and the native birds are largely augmented with foreign immigrants every winter. During that season the flocks in our meadows move about from one place to another as food becomes scarce. Though not so difficult to approach with a gun as its congeners, the lapwing is still sufficiently cautious to require some skill in obtaining a shot. At twilight the flocks break up, and single shots may often be obtained by waiting at the corner of a field, or behind any convenient cover. The nest is little more than a depression in the ground, in which four eggs are invariably laid. The young run as soon as hatched, and are almost exactly the colour of the earth around them. We have taken them up, and on laying them down again and turning away for a moment, found it almost impossible to detect the pretty downy creatures. Immense quantities of plovers' eggs are found by country-folk in April and sent into the markets. Let no ordinary person think that he can find a lapwing's nest. The parents run cunningly from it before they fly up, and then confuse the seeker by flapping and screaming round him, and counterfeiting lameness. Great quantities of these plovers' eggs are sent across to the London markets from Holland, where they are found among the marshes by persons who devote themselves to the task of finding nests, and by habit acquire great readiness in their discovery.

We know of men in the Lincolnshire marshes who have much local reputation from the same cause. One man, a postman, is said to be able to approach a field, watch the first plover that flies up in April, and then walk unerringly up to the nest. Searching a field regularly, "land" by "land;" or placing a stick, and walking in circles round it till the prize is discovered, are the best methods for ordinary people to adopt who would find lapwings' eggs. In Ireland great numbers of the green plover are taken by fowlers every winter by means of nets. Whoever would see the *rationale* of these toils fully described, together with admirable diagrams, may find it in Sir R. P. Gallwey's excellent book, "The Fowler in Ireland," which has just been published by Van Voorst.

The lapwing enjoys an evil repute in Scotland. In the Middle Ages it was called "the ungrateful bird," because it yearly came to Scotland to breed, and then returned to England with its young to feed the enemy. In later days the Covenanters detested it, from its habit of flying up and wheeling with screams around them, and so betraying them to the dragoons. It is protected at present by our Bird Bill during the breeding season, from March 1st to August 1st. Although this legislation dates only from the last few few years, the lapwing was the subject of curiously contradictory Bird Bills from early times in Scotland. Thus, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it was forbidden to destroy the nests or eggs of this bird, or to kill the birds before Michaelmas, under a penalty of 10*l*. Yet, in 1600, plovers were expressly excepted in the Act forbidding the sale of fowls hunted by hawks, and it is there laid down that they may be "slayne with nettes and utheris Ingynes not forbidden by the lawes of this Realme." Lastly, there is much truth, as we have explained, not in Scotland only, in the eminently "canny" Scotch proverb on the lapwing, "the peasweep aye cries farthest frae his ain nest."

M. G. WATKINS

New Music

MESSRS. W. MARSHALL AND CO.——W. M. Hutchinson, already well known as a writer of charming ballads, has composed a cantata, which shows that he has the gift of writing concerted as well as solo music. "The Story of Elaine" is the title of the cantata, the libretto is by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone; a chorus, S., A., T., B., and four soloists, one to each part, are required. The story is simple and fanciful, poetically set. The music is bright and melodious. There are eight pretty choruses, and a song for each solo voice. A trio (S., A., B.), "The Misty Moonlight Softly Falls," is very elegant, and smoothly written; it would please in the concert-room. The favourite piece in the cantata will surely be No. 8, recitative and solo (contralto), "Why Are Thy Eyes Like The Vi'lets Dew Laden?" the vulgarism of "the vi'lets" is objectionable, and may be avoided by omitting the article, and substituting the syllable that is left out. We hope to hear this admirable little work in the course of the coming season, as it is equally well adapted to the drawing-room and the concert-room.

MISCELLANEOUS.——A clever little pamphlet by Robert White is "Nature's Solfeggio: or, Singing Simplified." A vocal student who steadily reads, marks, learns, and digests it will pile up a fair amount of information therefrom (Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.).—"The Spirit of Love," written and composed by F. B. Dowton and J. P. Knight, is a pleasing song for a soprano, compass from D to E in the middle register.—There is decided originality in a song written and composed by Percy G. Mocatta, entitled "Two Pictures," but there is great affectation in the title page "inscription," drawn, musically painted, and dedicated to Miss Tiny White (Messrs. W. Morley and Co.).—"Fairy Freaks Schottische," known also as "Vin Santé," by Louis F. Goddard, is sure to be a favourite with all dancers; the melody is catching and the tune so well marked.—"Happy Love Quadrilles," by the above composer, are commonplace enough, but the time is well marked, and they are not difficult. A "Valse de Concert" for the pianoforte is easy and brilliant (Messrs. Goddard and Co.).—Now that the gavotte is again in fashion the music for that elegant dance will be in great demand. "The Little Partner Gavotte," by T. H. Barnett, will prove acceptable as not only being pretty, but useful (T. H. Barnett).—"The Zamora Polka," by Edward A. Sutton, is tuneful and danceable (Messrs. Conrad Herzog and Co.).—A pianoforte piece that will produce a thrilling effect at a People's Concert, or any other popular musical entertainment, is "The Battle of Tel-el-Kebir," a descriptive fantasia composed by no less a personage than William Spark, organist of the Town Hall, Leeds, &c. (Edwin Ashdown).—Vigorous and spirited is "The Wolseley March," by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew (Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.).—There is more local than general interest in "The Pembroke Polka," composed for, and dedicated to, the Pembroke Rowing Club, by James B. Helsby (J. Brown).

THE HOROSCOPE

(FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANÇOIS COPPÉE)

BEFORE a blear-eyed crone, a withered hag,
Who told maids' fortunes, two fair sisters stood
Watching her bony fingers void of blood
Drop cards prophetic on an outspread rag.

Brunette and blonde those sisters, fair as morn,
This white anemone, that poppy brown,
This crest of spring, and that of autumn crown,
Both hoping for the birth of hours unborn.

"Your life will pass in pain and dreariment,"
So spake the Sibyl to the proud brunette.
"But he," she whispered, "he will love me yet?"
"Yes." "Be it so then. I shall be content."

Next spake the witch to her with snow-white breast,
"That you shall ne'er be loved 'tis writ above."
"But I," she whispered, "I at least shall love?"
"Yes." "Be it so then. Thus shall I be blest."

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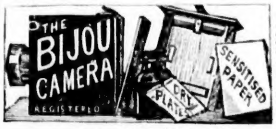

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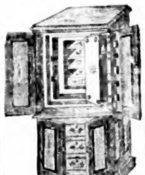

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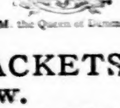

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WE DO NOT KNOW ANY REMEDY SO EFFECTIVE as NEURALINE in all cases of Nerve Pains. The following testimonials are at once a security to the public and a gratification to ourselves. Mr. G. D., of Co. Meath, writes, "Having been troubled for ten years with Neuralgia I tried your Neuraline, and got relief after a few applications."

A SINGLE APPLICATION OF NEURALINE not uncommonly cures Nerve Pains of the most protracted and agonising kind, while it in most cases effects a permanent cure, and in all gives certain relief. Mrs. W., of Moyston, writes, "My daughter has derived great benefit from Neuraline in a case of severe and long standing Neuralgia." "I have recommended your Neuraline to many." M. C., Moorlands, Paignton, Devon.

THE GREATEST SUFFERERS from NEURALGIA or any Nerve Pains can obtain immediate relief and permanent cure by using the approved remedy, NEURALINE. "The bottle of Neuraline was perfectly marvellous, giving instantaneous freedom from pain when most acute."—J. K. B., of Ballymacool, Letterkenny, Ireland.

"THE INVENTOR OF NEURALINE DESERVES A NATIONAL REWARD." So says J. S. L., of Kilrhue, Cardigan, S. Wales, in a letter to the proprietors of NEURALINE, the approved specific for all Nerve Pains. "It is an extraordinary remedy. It has proved completely efficacious in a case of a dreadful state, and the person is now quite well."

IT IS NO VAIN BOAST, but an assertion sustained by facts and the increasing demand from all parts, that NEURALINE, as a remedy for All Nerve Pains, has no equal. Sufferers from Neuralgia, Rheumatism, or associated disorders of the nerves should use Neuraline. "Mrs. Jermyn Pratt requests two bottles of Neuraline for herself, and one for Mrs. N. L., of the Vicarage, Elmham, East Dereham. Her maid was relieved of Neuralgia through Neuraline."

NEURALINE SHOULD ALWAYS BE USED for Nerve Pains. It gives instantaneous relief, and the greatest sufferer need not despair. A permanent cure is effected, and complete freedom from agony ensured without delay or difficulty. Mrs. F., Trinity Vicarage, Carlisle, writes, "I have recommended your NEURALINE in at least a dozen cases with perfect success."

NEURALINE, THE BEST AND SPEEDIEST SPECIFIC, curing all Nerve Pains, has received general approval. Mrs. M., of Lesbury Vicarage, Northumberland, writes as follows: "Mrs. M. will thank Messrs. LEATH and ROSS to send her a 4s. 6d. bottle of NEURALINE. She suffered agonies from pain in the face, and the only relief she got was from the Neuraline."

ESPECIAL ATTENTION IS REQUESTED to the following most important and significant extract from a letter addressed to LEATH and ROSS by the Rev. C. K., of Eversley Rectory, Winchfield: "The Rev. C. K. finds Neuraline allay the pain when everything else fails."

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS and RESTLESS DAYS altogether prevented, and relief from all nerve pains assuredly given, by the use of NEURALINE, the speediest and most reliable remedy. From all quarters gratifying testimonials are constantly being received. "Nothing gave me even temporary relief from severe Neuralgia until I tried your NEURALINE. In the time required to penetrate to the nerve centres all pain was gone, and has not since returned." J. W., 84, Myrtle Street, Liverpool.

NERVE PAINS may be said to exceed all others in severity, and equally true it is that no remedy for them is so effective and speedy as NEURALINE. C. H. Irving, of Mansion House Buildings, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., writes, "I have tried most advertised remedies for Neuralgia, but without relief, until I obtained NEURALINE. The pain has entirely left me, and not returned."

FROM OSBORNE HOUSE, Alderley Edge, Manchester, Mrs. F. writes to LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, W., London, as follows: "Your NEURALINE is an excellent remedy for Neuralgia. My medical man often uses it." All sufferers from nerve pains should at once order a supply of this best and speediest remedy, which has stood the test of many years, and is daily more appreciated.

NO REMEDY FOR NERVE PAINS is to be compared with NEURALINE. This specific may always be used with confidence, as it is an effectual curative of the severest attacks, wherever situated, and relief is instantaneous. "The Neuraline relieved me from agonies." From C. G., 31, Titchborne Street, Edgware Road.

FROM ONE of many Testimonials the following extract, showing the wonderful excellence of NEURALINE as a cure for Nerve Pains, is confidently submitted to the reader. "Miss H. has found Neuraline most successful for face-ache, and has recommended it to many of her friends."

AVOIDING ALL EXAGGERATION, either of language or fact, NEURALINE may unquestionably be stated as the best, speediest, and most reliable curative for all Nerve Pains, however intense or of long standing. "Mrs. S. S. requests another flat bottle of Neuraline, same as last. It was quickly effective for curing Neuralgia in the instep." —Eastwood, near Nottingham.

A SIMPLE APPLICATION of NEURALINE frequently effects a permanent cure, while it invariably gives immediate relief to all sufferers from Nerve Pains. "I have tried Neuraline for Neuralgia in the head, and it has been of great use." From Miss F., Pembroke Lodge, Bray, Co. Wicklow.

INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF TO SUFFERERS from NERVE PAINS is given by the use of NEURALINE, and in no case has it failed. As a certain and speedy curative this specific may be confidently relied on. "I have often proved the efficacy of Neuraline in cases of Neuralgia."—From F. J. S., Colnbrook Park, Manchester.

NEURALINE MUST BE TRIED to be appreciated. The testimony of all who have used this remedy for Nerve Pains agrees in acknowledging its extraordinary efficacy. Mr. Edgar, of Bute Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, N.B., writing to Sir James Matheson, says:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful lotion she had applied. The relief was instantaneous."

NEURALINE should always be used for Nerve Pains, as it is most effective, and gives immediate relief. "NEURALINE proved the most successful lotion ever applied."—Mrs. Edgar, Bute Light House, Island of Lewis, N.B. Sir James Matheson, of Stornaway, N.B., says, "Messrs. Leath and Ross are welcome to publish the testimonials to NEURALINE addressed to him."

ALL Nerve Pains, however Severe, are cured by the use of NEURALINE. It is invaluable as a speedy and certain relief giver, and testimonials to its great excellence are continually being received from persons who have proved its efficacious qualities. "Your NEURALINE has successfully relieved a periodical pain in my head."—From Mrs. L. F., West Malvern.

NEURALGIA Instantaneously cured. Testimonial received by Leath and Ross from D. C., 6, Lynton Road, St. James' Road, S.E. "Having suffered from a child, a period over twenty five years, from Neuralgia, on the recommendation of a friend (who had previously been cured by it, I tried your NEURALINE. I was instantly cured by the first application, and have been free from the pain ever since."

THE Speediest and most Reliable Specific for all Nerve Pains is NEURALINE. Prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard; and 9, Vere Street, W. London. NEURALINE is sold by all Chemists in bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.; by post 1s. 3d. and 3s.

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